# HARPER'S WEEKLY
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XV.—No. 734.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

## THE WINDOW;

OR,

## THE SONGS OF THE WRENS.*

### I.
### ON THE HILL.

The lights and shadows fly!
Yonder it brightens and darkens down on the plain.
A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's eye!
O is it the brook, or a pool, or her window-pane,
When the winds are up in the morning?

Clouds that are racing above,
And winds and lights and shadows that can not be still,
All running on one way to the home of my love,
You are all running on, and I stand on the slope of the hill,
And the winds are up in the morning!

Follow, follow the chase!
And my thoughts are as quick and as quick, ever on, on, on.
O lights, are you flying over her sweet little face?
And my heart is there before you are come and gone,
When the winds are up in the morning!

Follow them down the slope!
And I follow them down to the window-pane of my dear,
And it brightens and darkens and brightens like my hope,
And it darkens and brightens and darkens like my fear,
And the winds are up in the morning.

### II.
### AT THE WINDOW.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Clasp her window, trail and twine!
Rose, rose and clematis,
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss,
Kiss, kiss; and make her a bower
All of flowers, and drop me a flower,
Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Can not a flower, a flower, be mine?
Rose, rose and clematis,
Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss,
Kiss, kiss—And out of her bower
All of flowers, a flower, a flower,
Dropped, a flower.

### III.
### GONE!

Gone!
Gone till the end of the year,
Gone, and the light gone with her and left me in shadow here!
Gone—flitted away,
Taken the stars from the night and the sun from the day!
Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm in the air!
Flown to the east or the west, flitted I know not where!
Down in the south is a flash and a groan: she is there! she is there!

### IV.
### WINTER.

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue wood-louse, and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the flies are kill'd,
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

### V.
### SPRING.

Birds' love and birds' song
Flying here and there,
Birds' song and birds' love,
And you with gold for hair!
Birds' song and birds' love,
Passing with the weather,
Men's song and men's love,
To love once and forever.

"GO, LITTLE LETTER, APACE, APACE."

Men's love and birds' love,
And women's love and men's!
And you my wren with a crown of gold,
You my Queen of the wrens!
You the Queen of the wrens—
We'll be birds of a feather,
I'll be King of the Queen of the wrens,
And all in a nest together.

### VI.
### THE LETTER.

Where is another sweet as my sweet,
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?
Fine little hands, fine little feet—
Dewy blue eye.
Shall I write to her? shall I go?
Ask her to marry me by-and-by?
Somebody said that she'd say no;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?
Ay or no, from shy of the shy?
Go, little letter, apace, apace,
Fly!
Fly to the light in the valley below—
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye:
Somebody said that she'd say no;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

### VII.
### NO ANSWER.

The mist and the rain, the mist and the rain!
Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?
And never a glimpse of her window-pane!
And I may die but the grass will grow,
And the grass will grow when I am gone,
And the wet west wind and the world will go on.

Ay is the song of the wedded spheres,
No is trouble and cloud and storm,
Ay is life for a hundred years,
No will push me down to the worm,
And when I am there and dead and gone,
The wet west wind and the world will go on.

The wind and the wet, the wind and the wet!
Wet west wind, how you blow, you blow!
And never a line from my lady yet!
Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?
Blow then, blow, and when I am gone,
The wet west wind and the world may go on.

### VIII.
### NO ANSWER.

Winds are loud and you are dumb:
Take my love, for love will come,
Love will come but once a life.

Winds are loud and winds will pass!
Spring is here with leaf and grass:
Take my love and be my wife.
After-loves of maids and men
Are but dainties dress'd again:
Love me now, you'll love me then:
Love can love but once a life.

### IX.
### THE ANSWER.

Two little hands that meet,
Clasped on her seal, my sweet!
Must I take you and break you,
Two little hands that meet?
I must take you, and break you,
And loving hands must part—
Take, take—break, break—
Break—you may break my heart.
Faint heart never won—
Break, break, and all's done.

### X.
### AY!

Be merry, all birds, to-day,
Be merry on earth as you never were merry before,
Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far away,
And merry for ever and ever, and one day more.
Why?
For it's easy to find a rhyme.

Look, look, how he flits,
The fire-crown'd king of the wrens, from out of the pine!
Look how they tumble the blossom, the mad little tits!
"Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!" was ever a May so fine?
Why?
For it's easy to find a rhyme.

O merry the linnet and dove,
And swallow and sparrow and throstle, and have your desire!
O merry my heart, you have gotten the wings of love,
And flit like the king of the wrens with a crown of fire.
Why?
For it's ay ay ay, ay ay.

### XI.
### WHEN?

Sun comes, moon comes,
Time slips away.
Sun sets, moon sets,
Love, fix a day.

"A year hence, a year hence."
"We shall both be gray."
"A month hence, a month hence."
"Far, far away."

"A week hence, a week hence."
"Ah, the long delay."
"Wait a little, wait a little,
You shall fix a day."

"To-morrow, love, to-morrow,
And that's an age away."
Blaze upon her window, sun,
And honor all the day.

### XII.
### MARRIAGE MORNING.

Light, so low upon earth,
You send a flash to the sun.
Here is the golden close of love,
All my wooing is done.
O the woods and the meadows,
Woods where we hid from the wet,
Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,
Meadows in which we met!
Light, so low in the vale,
You flash and lighten afar:
For this is the golden morning of love,
And you are his morning star.
Flash, I am coming, I come,
By meadow and stile and wood:
O lighten into my eyes and my heart,
Into my heart and my blood!
Heart, are you great enough
For a love that never tires?
O heart, are you great enough for love?
I have heard of thorns and briers.
Over the thorns and briers,
Over the meadows and stiles,
Over the world to the end of it
Flash for a million miles.

---

* Four years ago Mr. Sullivan requested me to write a little song-cycle, German fashion, for him to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such old songs as "Orpheus with his lute," and I dressed up for him, partly in the old style, a puppet whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instrument. I am sorry that my four-year-old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of these days; but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise.

*December*, 1870. A. Tennyson.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *issued with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine genre sketch, by* W. L. SHEPPARD, *entitled*, "PREPARING FOR BUSINESS;" *a View of the* CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY *in the Capitol at Washington; the concluding chapter of* DR. HAYES'S *interesting* ARCTIC SKETCHES, *with eight characteristic illustrations, drawn from nature; an illustrated Story, and many other attractive features.*

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN NEW YORK.

IT is to be hoped that Republicans in New York, as in every other State, will confine their quarrels to the common foe, and not turn their weapons against each other. For we can hardly expect to beat each other and the enemy also. If, indeed, any policy is proposed by a party leader which ought not to be adopted, or any man is nominated who ought not to be elected or confirmed, every Republican who respects himself and his party will properly protest. Party ascendency is maintained by restraining party recklessness and excess. But personal and imaginary differences should not be suffered to divide the friends of a common cause, whose hearty union is indispensable to success. And the attempt to encourage such a division must be resolutely frustrated. Thus before the meeting of the New York Legislature the Republicans, who are in the minority, were engaged for a day or two in deciding who should receive their complimentary nomination for the Speakership. The discussion was instantly declared to be a trial of strength between what are called the friends of Senator CONKLING and those of Senator FENTON, as if the respective merits of those gentlemen were, in some way, a point of Republican difference.

Now we assure the Republicans in other States that, whatever may be the feeling of certain persons in regard to the New York Senators, the Republican party of New York is not divided upon any question of difference between them. Members of the party hold, of course, their opinions of those gentlemen, as they do of other public men in and out of the State. But the great body of the party knows nothing of any more personal difference between any of its representatives, and is a sincere and firm Administration party. The Convention at Saratoga, in which the difference was supposed to reach its climax, showed this conclusively. It was one of the most intelligent assemblies of the kind that was ever gathered in the State, and with many delegates personal feeling was very ardent. But the Convention pronounced decisively and unanimously for the Administration; and so little was the mass of members swayed by any unworthy personal feeling, so unwilling were they to allow the occasion to degenerate into a mere field-day between two party chiefs, that when a temporary chairman was chosen whose election was supposed to be more desired by the friends of Senator CONKLING than by those of Senator FENTON, Senator CONKLING instantly moved that the candidate of Senator FENTON should be made permanent chairman. This was, as will be remembered, in every way a most adroit and skillful act, but it proceeded, as we presume every one present felt, not merely from a desire to appear magnanimous after the substantial victory was won, but from the conviction that such was the real wish of the Convention, which did not intend to "take sides," nor to humiliate any leader. And when the two chiefs were called to conduct the permanent chairman to the platform, the temper of the Convention and of the party was shown by the sincere acclamation which hailed the appearance of the harmony which was felt to be the vital condition of success.

There can be no severer blow to the dominance of the national Republican party than the fostering of the impression that New York Republicans have already thrown away their State for the election of 1872 by being more divided among themselves than against Tammany Hall. If our Senators differ, it is to be deplored, but we of the rank and file can not assume the difference. Mr. HUSTED and Mr. SELKREG are Republicans. They have their personal preferences undoubtedly among other Republicans, but they are equally friends of the Administration, and of an equal faith in the party principles; and they both believe that Republican ascendency is essential to the national welfare. If these two gentlemen, now so conspicuous in the State from their position and from the late discussion of the Speakership, should favor men and measures only as they are supposed to be favored by Senator FENTON or Senator CONKLING, they would be doing all that they possibly could to destroy the party. And what is true of them is true of every Republican in the State. If we are GRANT Republicans, so to speak, we must discard all other names. But if as CONKLING men we are to fight FENTON men, and as FENTON men to fight CONKLING men, the hordes of Tammany will sweep over us with a laugh of triumph and derision.

## GERMANY AND FRANCE.

THE new year opens upon a war which every body hoped would have been ended long before the winter. During its terrible progress there has been no serious difference of opinion as to its immediate and guilty author, and the name of "the second empire" has become a synonym of the most deplorable phantasm in modern history. But while the judgment of the world has been unanimous upon the wanton origin of the war, the surrender at Sedan and the disappearance of the empire have been considered by many persons as offering Germany an opportunity for peace which she failed to improve; and there is, therefore, a feeling in some minds that since Sedan the character of the war has wholly changed; that Germany is now pursuing a criminal career of conquest, seeking, as far as possible, to obliterate France; and that all generous sympathy is, therefore, due to that invaded and outraged country. M. LAUGEL suggests this view in the admirable letter which was one of the most sensible and temperate utterances of a Frenchman since the war began. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS expressed the same opinion in a strain of fiery invective against BISMARCK. Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, in a vigorous article in the *Fortnightly Review* upon Bismarckism, declares that the cause of France is that of modern civilization; and the *Evening Post* publishes a communication from "a most eminent Frenchman," whose name, it says, would justly have immense weight with his countrymen, which states that Germany is aggressive, and that France is "truly pacific."

But are these statements justified by the facts? It is undoubtedly true that the King of Prussia, in his proclamation at Saarbruck, said that the Emperor NAPOLEON had attacked the German nation, and that he had taken arms to repel aggression; and in his letter to the Pope he said that Germany had neither desired nor provoked war, and that if he could have assurances from LOUIS NAPOLEON of a pacific disposition, "and guarantees against a similar attempt upon the peace and tranquillity of Europe," he should be content. This was in the beginning of August. The war went on. On the 2d of September General WIMPFEN and the French army capitulated at Sedan, and LOUIS NAPOLEON surrendered himself to King WILLIAM. What then was the situation? The Emperor of France had begun an unjust war against Germany, and in resisting him the Germans had vanquished his armies and compelled him to surrender, and they remained victorious upon the soil of France. When the news of the disaster of Sedan reached Paris the empire was overthrown, and a republic was, in the words of the first official proclamation, "constituted and ratified by popular acclamation"—that is to say, certain persons assumed the authority of Government, called themselves a republic, and the mob in the street applauded the names of the ministers which were read to them.

The committee, or the Government of National Defense, as it called itself, comprehended, of course, the situation. The Emperor had wickedly brought war upon the country. He had been defeated, and in the name of the country they had declared him dethroned. The Germans were upon the soil of France in force, and necessarily in the most hostile attitude. They could assume nothing of the probable action of the French people or their Government. They could only move on steadily toward the seat of the power which they were fighting. If that power were disposed to yield, to ask for terms, for an armistice—if it were inclined to throw aside the imperial policy of war as it had discarded the Emperor—Germany was ready to listen. But it is surely unjust to insist that because the King of Prussia had said, what every body knew, that LOUIS NAPOLEON had provoked the war, the King was to take for granted that, when LOUIS NAPOLEON had surrendered, every thing was at an end, and that the Germans might go home again. The King knew, and the Emperor expressly said, that his individual act did not compromise the Regency—the Government which he had left at Paris. Germany could not take for granted either that the personal surrender of the Emperor would necessarily be the fall of the empire, nor that, if it proved to be so, that the Government which succeeded would abandon the war as an evil work of the Emperor.

And the immediate event showed the justice of this view. On the 5th of September the revolution occurred in Paris. The Provisional Government was announced, and its very first proclamation declared that the people demanded a republic to save the country in danger. And how to save it? By denouncing the Emperor's war, as it denounced him, and insisting on the immediate suspension of hostilities? Not at all. The proclamation was a cry of continued war: "A republic vanquished invasion in '92......To-morrow you will be avengers with the army of the country." That is to say, the empire could not conquer the Germans, but the republic will. The next morning, September 6, the same spirit was more elaborately expressed in another proclamation, which said that the empire was set aside because it had imperiled the public safety. The proclamation called upon the people to rise *en masse*, and to rally around the glorious symbol which, eighty years before, had driven all Europe before France; and the International Working-men's Society, in an address to the "social democracy" of Germany, gravely demanded the withdrawal of the German armies, or Frenchmen would re-enact '93, because they made no peace with an enemy on the soil!

On the 7th of September JULES FAVRE, the provisional Minister of Foreign Affairs, addressed a circular to Europe, in which he said: "The King of Prussia has said that he made war against the dynasty, and not against France. The dynasty is gone, and France is free; yet is this impious war continued. Will the King face this responsibility before the world and before history? France yields not one foot of soil, nor a stone of a fortress." The impious war did indeed continue, but by whose will? Germany stood victorious before the vanquished French armies; and to say that, because LOUIS NAPOLEON had surrendered, Germany ought to have marched off the field without knowing whether the war was to be continued, or whether she was to have any adequate security against similar attacks, is certainly trifling. If the war was to end, it must be the act of France. If the surrender of the Emperor was to cause the retirement of the King, it must be because France disavowed the Emperor's war. But when the dynasty fell the "republic" took up its cause. Its first word was not a demand for peace, but a cry for fiercer war. And although every man in his senses knew that Germany could not have withdrawn without ample guarantees of future security, the new Government not only did not proffer such guarantees, but defiantly declared with its first breath, "Not one foot of soil, nor a stone of a fortress."

The only different course open to Germany from that which was pursued was to have waited at Sedan to see the effect of the catastrophe, and then to have proposed terms to France. But it was desperate war, and the first condition of war, acknowledged by every power that resorts to it, is the prompt and vigorous pursuit of an advantage. One way to end war is to bring the vanquished to yield by following up a victory. If France really meant to stop the impious war, she would propose to stop much more certainly if the victor moved steadily on than if he paused as if doubtful or sorely hurt. And if he had paused merely to invite the submission of France, the result would have been a yell of rage from Calais to Bordeaux. It is amazing, in view of these facts, to read, in the communication of an eminent Frenchman to the *Evening Post*, that "France, having seen her regular army destroyed, and having overturned Cæsarism and rejected the imperial policy, offers Germany the most ample guarantees of peace and of good neighborhood."

When and where and how were such offers made? M. THIERS arrived in London on the 13th of September, upon a roving mission of inquiry, to ascertain whether the neutral powers would undertake to make peace. But he expressly disclaimed representing a "republic," and, in fact, was merely and vainly sounding foreign sentiment. England then asked Germany to grant an armistice. But Germany naturally asked in reply, Who can bind the French army or nation? JULES FAVRE's answer admitted that he and his colleagues could not bind France. Notwithstanding this, M. FAVRE met Count BISMARCK, who professed himself as anxious for peace as M. FAVRE, and proposed an armistice for the election of a national assembly; but they could not agree upon a basis, and the negotiation failed. M. FAVRE was unwilling to allow any military equivalent for the inevitable loss by delay to a victorious and advancing army, and he did not hesitate to repeat that France would pay money, but would never cede territory. And this, so far as appears, is the sole "ample guarantee of peace and good neighborhood" that France has offered Germany.

Indeed, before the Committee of Defense can claim that Germany is a ruthless invader, bent upon conquest and humiliation, they must show that they have ever seriously professed a wish for peace, or have indicated the least willingness to accede to such terms as, under the circumstances, Germany has a right to require. To say that "the republic desires peace, but is ever mindful of the dignity of France," is not a proof either of a comprehension of the situation or of a serious wish for peace. Or to say that Germany is ruthless, because she demanded that she should not lose by an armistice, is to demand what is never conceded between belligerents so situated. If, when LOUIS NAPOLEON surrendered at Sedan, the Committee of Defense, instead of talking about the republic of '89, and driving Europe, and expelling the invader, and never yielding an inch of soil nor a stone of a fortress, had proclaimed that France renounced the Emperor and all his works, including his wicked war, and had dispatched an embassador to say to Germany that France, disapproving the war, wished to know what terms of peace were possible, and Germany had proposed conditions evidently dishonorable and impossible, then, indeed, appealing to Europe and to the world, France might have said that it could not submit, and might well have looked for universal sympathy in its effort to save its national existence. But the country which has been the most wanton of warriors seems to have imagined that all the laws and usages of war were to be relinquished in its favor; and that a neighboring nation, which France had constantly assaulted, ought to take it for granted that, because it had beaten three or four French armies, it was therefore forever secure from French aggression.

We deprecate as earnestly as Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON the horrors of war and of a military despotism, and we warmly oppose the transfer of a people by mere conquest to an alien authority; nor do we acknowledge in advance the justice of any guarantee that Germany may demand. But we certainly think that she is entitled to very stringent security against a neighbor like France; and just in the degree that France is to remain a powerful nation ought those guarantees to be ample. When a nation called an empire begins a causeless war against a neighbor to which it has always professed itself hostile, and is terribly beaten in the field, ought other governments, because the beaten nation then calls itself a republic, to interfere before the beaten nation asks for peace, and insist that the victors shall not exact certain conditions?

## GENERAL PLEASONTON AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

IN a letter to prominent internal revenue officers, declining a public dinner, General PLEASONTON, the new Commissioner, whose promotion is most deserved and satisfactory, says that the civil service in time of peace stands in the same relation to the institutions of the country as the army and navy in time of war. This is theoretically true. The civil service ought to be as efficient as the military or naval. But what civil officer is as proud of his position and his service as the lieutenant or the midshipman? It is not because he is not conscious of his own fidelity, but because he knows that the fact of being in the service proves nothing whatever in regard to a man's capacity or character. But the shoulder-straps or the buttons are evidence that the wearer has not failed in an honorable test. Among no body of men, also, is there greater *esprit de corps* than among military and naval officers. But is there any such sentiment in the civil service? How can there be when a gentleman knows that his neighbor in the service was appointed because he gave money to pay certain election expenses, or led a gang of men to control a caucus? Moreover, the utmost official honesty has characterized the military and naval service. The sense of honor upon this point has been most sensitive. In the civil service every fourth dollar of the immense sums collected is described, like a lost cow, as "strayed or stolen."

General PLEASONTON finally says that many revenue officers with whom he has conversed express the most earnest and honorable desire to have the civil service placed on such a footing that the people will look upon it with respect and confidence. That is undoubtedly the feeling of the best men in every department of the civil service. But they know that it can not be placed upon such a footing while the present system continues. And if it be said that General PLEASONTON is himself an illustration of the able and honorable men who are appointed to civil positions, the reply is, that except for some such men, both appointed and retained, the whole service would stop. If the general principle of appointment were universal the government could not go on. The system is saved by its exceptions. If the feeling which is so natural to General PLEASONTON, who has been an army officer, and which he represents as shared by so many in the civil service, is to be gratified, and the system is to be raised to public confidence and honor, it can only be by a radical reform. It is by making that the rule which is now only a happy chance. And we are glad to believe that such a change would be as agreeable to General PLEASONTON as to other good men in the country.

## THE KING OF ITALY EXCOMMUNICATED.

THE Pope has excommunicated King VICTOR EMANUEL and all and sundry who have aided him in that "enormous crime," the plebiscitum of the 2d of October, by which the Romans almost unanimously declared that they did not wish to remain under the Papal political rule. He protests that he will make no farther concessions of the rights which are those "of God and of the Holy See," and that he is now under duress. We should like to hear from some of the American signers of the paper of sympathy with the Pope in his political overthrow what they think of his statement that his political authority over the inhabitants of the late States of the Church was derived from God. Those inhabitants had never been asked until VICTOR EMANUEL's army came. They were originally

placed under the political supremacy of the Pope by an arbitrary act, and they have remained prostrate ever since because of the skillful manner in which ecclesiastical politicians have confused things temporal and things spiritual. Any king would be very wary of offending a potentate who, as he believed, could virtually imperil his soul. But the steady light which advancing civilization and intelligence have thrown upon the question of the relation of church and state has enabled the Italian Government to adopt one of the most hopeful measures of the times. If only CAVOUR could have accompanied the King to Rome!

It is not probable that the fulmination of the Pope will reverse the revolution, or persuade the Italian people or the world at large that it is better to thrust the inhabitants of Central Italy under the political despotism of ecclesiasticism. Indeed, the real condition of that region, if it were not known to so many by actual observation and by careful reports in books, would be conclusively shown by the fact that, although Romanists, and under the immediate glamour of the power and prestige of their Church, the Roman people heartily declared their wish to be free of the political government of the Pope. And the future student of history will not fail to remark that the change was effected by those who acknowledge the Papal claim to ecclesiastical supremacy, and not by those who regard that pretension as utterly unfounded.

It is certainly not too much to claim that the occupation of Rome as the capital of Italy by the political authority of the country shows the most radical change in Roman Catholic opinion of the necessary connection of church and state. It is a result which the most liberal members of that Church will every where hail as a true victory of their faith. But it portends other and admirable changes. It marks the dawn of an era of real religious liberty—an era in which opinion will not take precedence of character, and when the highest human progress will be secured by the utmost respect for individual freedom.

## THE ERIE CANDIDATE.

ONE of the organs of Tammany Hall says that Tammany will not urge Governor HOFFMAN as a Presidential candidate. So Governor SEYMOUR was perpetually protesting that he would not be a candidate in 1868. But when the nomination was urged upon him in the Convention, the protesting Governor, insisting he would ne'er consent, consented. The result was procured by certain New York managers, and his refusal was part of the plan. Tammany Hall intends to dictate the next nomination of its party, and as it hopes to be able to secure it for one of its most pliant instruments, it very properly begins by asserting that it has no other desire than the prosperity of the city of New York, and that while the State will support any candidate who may be properly nominated, "her Democracy......will not have intrigued for any one of her sons." When a paper which the *World* describes as the "organ of Mayor HALL" says that Tammany will not intrigue, every body of course will be satisfied.

The Democratic difficulty is that General GRANT will undoubtedly be the Republican candidate, and that there is no man in the Democratic party who has any especial prominence. Undoubtedly the more intelligent Democrats would gladly abandon all their party leaders, not one of whom has the slightest national prestige, or is in the least identified with the great modern movement of the country, and "run for luck" with some candidate like Judge CHASE—who is, of course, out of the question—or CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. In this situation, in the absence of any man who commands the nomination, the Tammany managers know very well that every kind of little consideration will have great weight. Questions of locality will be very important under the circumstances; and as there is a jealousy of Tammany supremacy in the party out of New York, and as Tammany controlled the last nomination, and gave it to a New Yorker, it is naturally supposed that there will be a very decided disinclination to accept a candidate from Tammany now; and, therefore, with its wonted frankness, Tammany declares that nothing could persuade it to have a candidate, and if there is one thing which it abominates more than another it is intrigue.

Such a declaration is infinitely comical, not only because nobody believes it, but because those who make it know that nobody believes it, and that every body knows that they know that nobody believes it. When the Convention meets, a little bird will say quietly to the delegates, "The vote of New York is indispensable, and we are in power there. The Governor is as well known as any other Democrat in the country. If he is nominated, Tammany will certainly carry the State at any cost, and it will furnish as much money elsewhere as may be wanted." Governor HOFFMAN will be the candidate of certain colossal railway monopolies using the Tammany political organization; and what have the friends of Mr. HENDRICKS to urge against that? They will be asked if they are willing to imperil the possibility of Democratic success by insisting upon a gentleman whose claims are exclusively local. That he is a very much abler man than Governor HOFFMAN, that he is free from any suspicion of the subservience to disreputable masters which Governor HOFFMAN has shown, will be a consideration of no weight when the question is merely one of expediency.

As for the Republicans, they could hope nothing better than that the Democratic party, which nominated a candidate in 1864 upon a platform of surrender, and in 1868 upon a platform of repudiation, should in 1872 prove that it was wholly unchanged by nominating for President of the United States the man who signed the Erie bill.

## PRIM AND SPAIN.

THE beginning of the year brought striking news from Europe. On the same morning we read that VICTOR EMANUEL had entered Rome as King of Italy, that his son had arrived at Carthagena as King of Spain, and that Marshal PRIM, who had really brought him to the throne, and who would have been his chief counselor, was murdered. In the same paper we read that the successor of JOHN BRIGHT in the English ministry had been nominated, and that the first step of the direct attack of the Germans upon Paris had been successfully taken.

The death of Marshal PRIM can surprise no one, and he doubtless knew that he held his life in his hand. The chief actors in the European political revolutions play a game of life or death. It is usually a selfish contest for power, and the players hesitate at nothing. PRIM had himself been implicated in an attempted assassination of NARVAEZ, and was too old a conspirator not to have understood exactly his own position. But it is one of the finest compensations of nature that the assassin always wounds his own cause. The story of republicanism in Europe is too much stained with this kind of murder. The crude character of that republicanism is shown, as it used to be in the old Slave States of the Union, by a constant appeal to classical examples. BRUTUS is its hero. It is a Roman and not a Christian republicanism. It is very apt to mistake its own will for liberty. Whether it executes CHARLES the First or LOUIS the Sixteenth after the form of a trial, or whether it stealthily strikes ROSSI or PRIM, or aims in vain at BISMARCK or LOUIS NAPOLEON, this spirit always forgets that its enemy is not a man, but a system. It is not a king, but monarchy. Nothing was done for the security of the commonwealth when CHARLES the First fell, for at the same moment, and in consequence of that fall, CHARLES the Second arose.

And now when PRIM, who has been the guiding genius of Spain during its revolution, is murdered by an assassin, if the principle which he represents has no such single powerful advocate surviving, yet it is immensely strengthened by the instinctive horror of a cause which seeks its advantage by such a crime. The Spanish republicans can not, indeed, be held guilty of the crime of an individual or of a conspiracy, but Spanish republicanism will suffer. And European republicanism will and ought to suffer by every similar offense until it is a cardinal principle of its creed that assassination is the chief crime against the cause of liberty. Indeed, there is no surer barrier against the progress of republicanism in Europe than the general feeling that with its loud cry for liberty it has little respect for law, and for all the constitutional safeguards of freedom. It was this conviction which persuaded so intelligent a liberal as LABOULAYE that it was better to vote for the bad empire in France than for the worse uncertainty of a republic managed by men who, in his judgment, had no conception whatever of the spirit, the methods, or the purpose of free institutions.

The assassination of PRIM, therefore, hurts nothing so much as the cause of a true popular government in Spain. Whether the country can be called, in any intelligible sense, republican, we do not believe any body can truly tell. But that its deplorable condition is due to the combined influences of a virtually irresponsible government and ecclesiastical domination there is no doubt. CASTELLAR may be as impracticable as he is eloquent, but the real progress of Spain lies in the direction toward which his heart and hope are turned. MAZZINI may have been all his life a visionary and a despair to common-sense, but when VICTOR EMANUEL came to Rome it was a forward movement in the policy to which MAZZINI's life has been devoted. The sad Italian seems to despair, and almost to turn cynic. But he is a man of the sanguine, passionate temperament which can not wait in a world where great and final victories are only achieved by waiting; and if his long experience has taught him wisdom, there is no one in Europe who will more deeply regret the murder of PRIM than MAZZINI.

What the actual effect of the crime upon the prospects of Spain will be we are yet to see. But every intelligent observer will be sure that unless the new monarchical government is very liberal, very progressive, and very wise—unless it strenuously promotes education, and represses the ecclesiastical influence—it will have to deal with incessant revolutions, and will be at last ignominiously overthrown like the old BOURBON monarchy.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

OUR readers have been kept advised, through the papers, of the movements of Professor HARTT's third visit to Brazil—instituted, in part, for the purpose of enriching the cabinet of Cornell University—and have been informed of its safe return on the 22d of December last. We learn that besides making extensive collections in all departments of natural science, the exploration has brought to light several new features in regard to the geology and physical geography of the valley. The great Amazonian forest, according to Mr. HARTT, does not cover the whole district from the Andes to the Atlantic, and the mountains of Guiana on the north to the plateaus of Minas Geraes on the south, but consists of a comparatively narrow fringe overgrowing the lowlands, or flats, bordering the banks of the river and its affluents, while the intervening region is composed of grass-covered campos almost imperceptibly swelling from the alluvial intervals, dotted here and there by groups of palms—*muriti* and *carara*—presenting a singular feature in the distribution of Amazonian forests, usually composed of numberless varieties within a limited area.

Below the falls of the Tapajoz Mr. HARTT discovered carboniferous rock, and made a collection of a large number of species of marine fossils from this formation. The most interesting physical feature of the valley of the Amazon is the elevated range of Ereré, where the professor and his party spent nearly a month making detailed surveys. The sierra is composed of ancient rocks *quite highly inclined*, much disturbed, while the plains at the northern base consist of horizontal strata containing lower *paleozoic* fossils, trilobites, etc. The cliffs of Ereré are covered with Indian paintings, nearly all of which were carefully copied or photographed, and presented many interesting analogies to the inscriptions on the Indian pottery found at Marajo, near the mouth of the river. A special study of the *Tupi* language enabled Mr. HARTT to collect many interesting facts regarding the primitive denizens of the Amazon, their customs, habits, and peculiar method of teaching by symbolic fable.

In making a geological section of some fifty miles of the country near Santarem they found a thick bed of recent Amazonian shells at a height of some fifty feet above the highest present level of the river, showing that in comparatively recent times the waters covered a much greater surface at a higher level.

The first number of the new series of the *American Journal of Science*, lately announced in our columns as about to be published monthly, instead of bi-monthly as heretofore, has promptly made its appearance; and we find in it an interesting account of a fossil insect from the carboniferous formation of Indiana. This belongs to the neuropterous order, and is stated to be most closely allied to a species from the carboniferous formation of Europe.

It has been already announced in our papers, by advices from London, that Aurora Island, in the New Hebrides group, situated about fifteen degrees east of Australia, had lately disappeared entirely, without leaving any trace of its existence; and the fact, it is said, has been corroborated by an American whaler which lately arrived at Honolulu. This island was one of the most fertile of the group, and is stated to have been thirty-six miles long by upward of five miles in breadth. In this same connection it may be mentioned that the American whaler *Milton*, lately arrived at the Bay of Islands, in Northern New Zealand, reported that when they touched at Sunday Island it was on fire in all directions, and had been in that state for nearly forty days. During the heavy shocks of earthquakes preceding and after the eruptions two islands were thrown up in the harbor, one of them being, as nearly as could be judged, about three hundred feet high. Two families were living on Sunday Island, and on the arrival of the whaler begged to be taken away, as the heat was so intense and the sulphurous smell so strong that all the animals about them were destroyed; and their fate must have been the same if they had remained much longer. They were accordingly carried to the Norfolk Islands, and left there in safety.

In a comparison of the aneroid and mercurial barometers, made throughout a recent voyage across the Atlantic, it was ascertained that the ordinary indications were the same in both instruments, but that the aneroid was to be considered as more sensitive to atmospheric changes. It always indicated the approach of foul weather, or the change to fair, in advance of the rival instrument.

In a late Number of the *Weekly* we made allusion to the project for the excavation of a ship canal across Cape Cod, to connect Buzzard's Bay with Barnstable Bay. In the same connection we may remark that a project has been suggested, and is now being very energetically urged, for the establishment of a line of interior communication, at least for small vessels, such as yachts, steamboats, schooners, etc., to extend from New York to Delaware Bay. An examination of the map of New Jersey will show that the greater part of the coast is bordered by outer beaches, which cut off inlets between them and the main land, and that it is only necessary, according to a statement before us, to make a few sections of actual canal, besides widening and improving certain natural means of communication, to complete the line in question. Should the enterprise be accomplished, and the Cape Cod canal be likewise constructed, a vessel might start at Boston, and pass by an interior line all the way to Delaware Bay.

The entire route by the proposed line of interior communication from New York to Delaware Bay is said to be about one hundred and twenty-five miles, requiring the construction of only about fifteen or twenty miles of actual canal, together with about fifteen miles of dredging to various depths. One section of canal, five miles in length, would be between the head of Denny's Creek, on the north side of Delaware Bay, and the head of Cedar Swamp Creek, which empties into Tuckahoe River, near the Great Egg Harbor Bay; the entire distance across being about twenty miles, while that around the coast is about sixty. From the head of Barnegat Bay to Squam Inlet, and thence to navigable water near Long Branch, a second line of about fifteen miles would be required.

According to *Silliman's Journal*, a topographical survey of the Hawaiian Islands has been ordered by the Legislature, and the amount of $5000 appropriated for instruments. Professor ALEXANDER, of Oahu, has been appointed Surveyor-General, and as soon as the necessary apparatus is received he proposes to measure a base line on the sandy isthmus (six or seven miles in width) between East and West Maui. The work is to be prosecuted with the rigorous accuracy that characterizes the labors of our coast survey.

We have already mentioned the fact that the British Association appointed a committee to secure from the Admiralty a renewed survey of the coast of Chili and Peru; and we now learn that the bay of Talcahuano, in Chili, has been found by the commander of the Chilian war steamer to have increased in depth two or two and a half fathoms.

On the other hand, however, it has been found that a certain spot in the gulf of Arauco, represented in Captain FITZHUGH's chart as a sunken rock, is now a small island nearly united to the main land.

According to a recent account, a company which has been boring near Lake Ainslie, in Inverness County, Cape Breton, struck oil a short time ago, at a depth of 560 feet, with every prospect of securing an ample supply. The discovery has created quite a fever in Nova Scotia, and companies are being formed, and large tracts of land secured, for the purpose of going into the oil business.

A new and remarkable variety of cannel-coal has recently been announced in the *American Gas-Light Journal* as having been lately discovered on the Red Bank River, in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania. It is a variety of cannel-coal, but has the curious peculiarity that when cut, or even rubbed with a knife-blade, it assumes a brilliant lustre precisely like plumbago. It easily streaks paper, the streak having a slightly olive-brown tinge, and being indelible by India rubber. As a combustible it is of excellent quality, and as such will doubtless be soon brought to the notice of the public.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

*January* 4.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner's resolution calling for information on San Domingo matters was adopted. A resolution was also adopted directing the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency of imposing a tax of $1 on every applicant for an office having a salary of not less than $1000.—In the House, the bill providing for an International Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, in celebration of our national independence, was further considered, without action being taken.

*January* 5.—In the Senate, a resolution was adopted calling for the last correspondence between Mr. Motley and the State Department, including the telegraphic dispatches relating to his recall. A select committee was appointed to investigate the charges of blockade-running recently made against Senator Sprague.—In the House, Mr. Schenck's letter of resignation was read, and a bill introduced, and immediately passed, giving him an extra allowance of $2500 a year, as minister to England, for the employment of an amanuensis, made necessary by an injury to his right hand incurred in battle.

*January* 6.—Senate not in session.—In the House, resolutions censuring Admirals Godon and Davis for their conduct in the dispute between Minister Washburne and the government of Paraguay were adopted; and also a resolution directing a court of inquiry into the whole subject.

*January* 7.—Senate not in session.—The session of the House was occupied with general debate of no special interest or importance.

### GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The New York Legislature assembled January 3. Among the bills introduced in both branches were one to repeal the New York city registry law, and one to amend the excise law.

The United States steamer *Saginaw*, of the Pacific squadron, went to pieces on an island in the Pacific Ocean, on the 14th of November. Several of the officers were drowned on the 18th of December attempting to land at the Sandwich Islands, after a perilous trip of a month in reaching them. A vessel was dispatched to the rescue of the rest of the crew, with what result is as yet unknown.

The public debt of the country was decreased $2,240,700 90 during the month of December.

The house in which Henry Clay was born, near Ashland, Virginia, was recently burned.

The Indian Council at Ockmulgee, Indian Territory, has adopted the preamble of the Constitution and Bill of Rights submitted by the commission appointed to draft it, after several days' discussion, by a vote of 52 to 3. The Council then adjourned, to meet at Ocmulgee Creek, June, 1871.

About $5,000,000 in gold were shipped from Colorado during the year 1870.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### THE WAR IN FRANCE.

THE bombardment of the fortifications of Paris, begun on the 27th ult., continues with great effect. The casemates of Fort Rosny, on the northeast, have been destroyed, and the guns of Forts Issy and Vanvres, on the south, have been silenced.

A battle between the French Army of the North and the Prussians, under General Manteuffel, was fought on the 2d and 3d inst. at Ervilliers. Both sides claim a complete victory. The material advantages appear, however, to have been on the Prussian side, as the French ultimately retired to recover and reorganize.

On the Loire General Chanzy repulsed several unimportant attacks by the Prussians, but at latest accounts had been compelled to retreat.

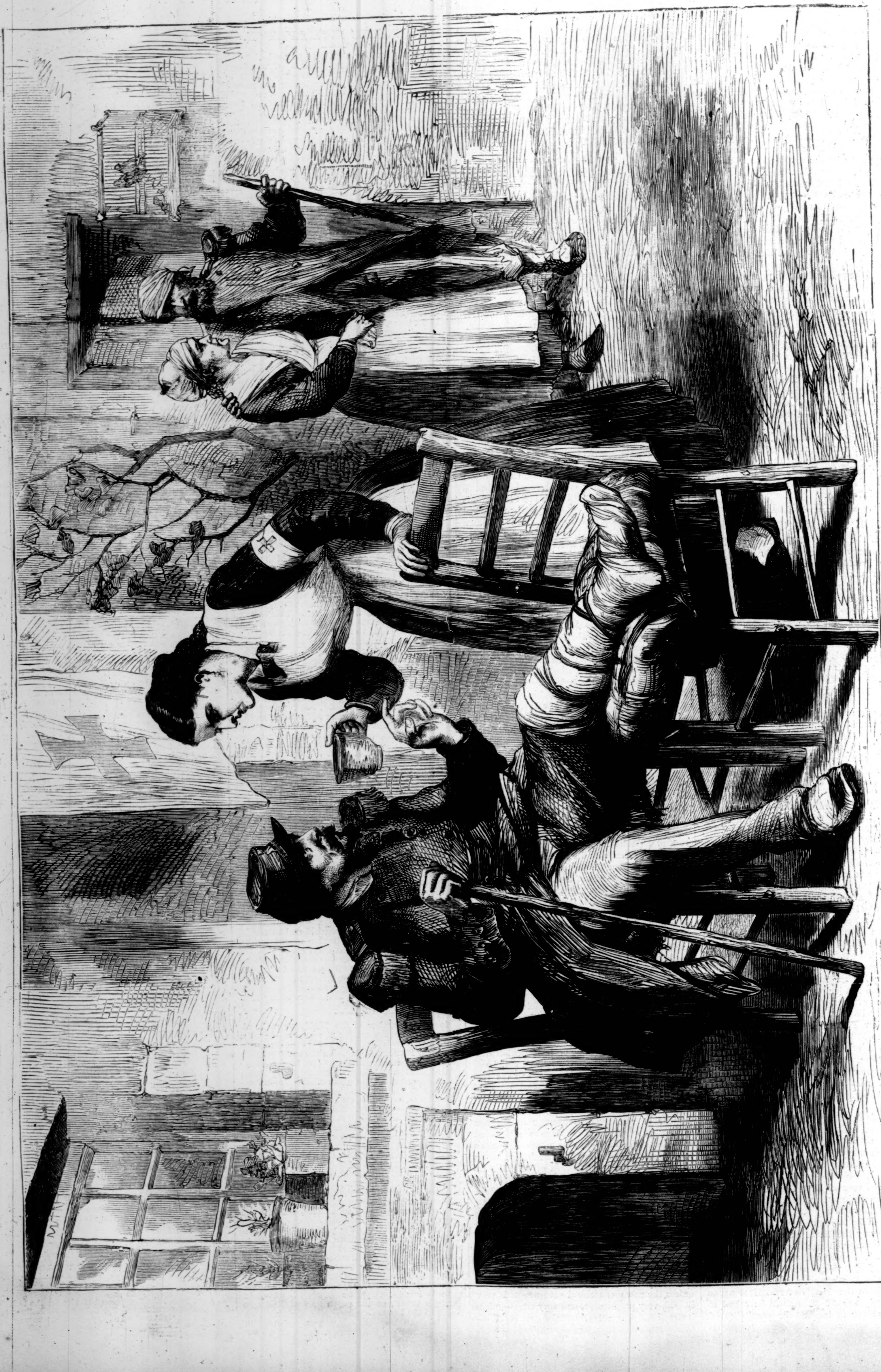
Berlin bankers have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for subscribing to the recent French loan.

### GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

Cardinal Antonelli cordially received the embassador sent by King Victor Emanuel to announce his arrival in Rome.

Prince Amadeus, on his arrival in Madrid, proceeded to the Cortes and took the oath as King of Spain. The enthusiasm is said to be great.

An act passed the Congress of Mexico on the 13th of December conceding to the Tehuantepec Railway Company the right to construct a ship canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and operate the same for ninety-nine years.



"CARED FOR."—[See Page 55.]

"UNCARED FOR."—[SEE PAGE 55.]

## TWO NATIONS.

WHAT are the sounds I hear to-day?
I hear a loud bell ringing;
The clang of a hammer o'er the way
That the sturdy smith is swinging;
And I hear the beat of myriad feet
That are swift or slowly walking,
And the waft of a song is borne along,
And I hear glad voices talking.

What are the things I see to-day?
I see a peaceful people,
And one goes this and one that way,
And the bell rings in the steeple;
And men go into the house of God,
And men sing at their labor,
And they meet and pass with a smile and nod,
Or a pleasant word to a neighbor.

What to-day are the sounds that are heard
In the land across the ocean?
The sound of sobbing, the parting word,
And a Nation's dire commotion!
The dropping of tears, and mad, wild cheers,
And the cannon's boom and rattle—
The gasp of the slain, and cries of pain,
And the awful sounds of battle.

What are the things that are seen to-day
In the land across the water?
Armies of men, who are marching away,
Fields that are red with slaughter—
Children with faces worn and wild,
Women mad with dishonor,
A Nation polluted and defiled
With crimes war heaps upon her.

Churches and homes all dark and dim,
Bells that are dumb in the steeple;
Haunts of labor deserted and grim,
And streets filled with mad, wild people;
Faces white with a speechless fright,
And hearts filled with desolation:
Ay! 'tis things like these that are over the seas—
God pity and save the Nation!

# WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER V.

### A PALEONTOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

THE means by which Mr. Miles Winthrop (for such was the full name of the elder of the two "new arrivals" at *The Grand*) became personally acquainted with two gentlemen, both of whom, but an hour ago, seemed totally unknown to him, need some explanation; for the fact was that Mr. Frederick Pennant, though an agreeable, pleasant fellow enough among his own family and friends, was one of those young Englishmen who oppose to the approach of strangers a shield of ice, which (whatever their genial warmth) it takes some time to thaw. He was not by any means one of those solemn swells, haunting wearily Piccadilly and the Park in the season, who affect a hostile indifference to their fellow-creatures, lest their own stupidity should be discovered by contact—just as, for an opposite reason, monkeys are said to appear dumb, lest man should discover their intelligence, and set them to work. Frederick was neither a swell nor stupid; but it was characteristic in him, notwithstanding that he had a frank and genial nature, to regard every man with suspicion who chanced to be out of the pale of his own acquaintance; and this was especially the case when, as at present, he was in charge of ladies, concerning whom it is not too much to say that he grudged strange men the opportunity of lifting their eyes to them, and resented their admiration as an insult. The advanced years of Mr. Flint had in his case mitigated this young gentleman's watch-dog zeal, and acquaintanceship had advanced so far that he had even been introduced by her husband to Mrs. Pennant. But then Mr. Flint was a man that "one knew something about to begin with." He had more letters after his name than a prince of the blood royal has before it. He was acquainted, or had the reputation of being so, with "all the ologies;" and was acknowledged to be the very greatest authority upon "stone cists" in all Great Britain. The rumored discovery of a few dry bones in Lapland would have "fetched" him—to use a significant phrase, with which this learned man was probably not acquainted—more certainly than the ripe charms of beauty; and the sight of a pre-historic ornament—some bit of gristle with a hole through it—would make his heart beat quicker than any love-song. Every bit of earth on which he set eyes had its story for him; and even from underneath the earth he had dragged many a secret out, which had been hidden—according to the chronology of more simple folks—before the earth was made. In fact, the only quarrel which Society had with Mr. Flint was upon this subject—of which, however, it must be confessed she knew very little indeed, namely, the duration of the human race. Man's antiquity was dearer to Mr. Flint than woman's youth; and for it, or rather for the theory of it, he had sacrificed more than most men sacrifice for women. He had left the ancient house of learning where he had first won his spurs, and, laying down his honors and emoluments upon the altar of what he deemed Scientific Truth, had gone forth into the world a comparatively old man, to make his living afresh. College rolls, though of finest wheat, were bitter in his mouth, since they were given to him only upon conditions, and he had exchanged them for the black bread of independence.

All this had happened years ago; Mr. Flint was the protomartyr of science, and had been long eclipsed by those who had put such martyrdom to better use. He had made no capital out of it, as they had done; but had quietly slipped out of his college stall, and taken up the profession of a man of letters. He had never written a syllable against that church with which he had no feud, and which he had quitted only because he could no longer be her minister. It was remembered by but a very few that Professor Flint (who was by no means proud, by-the-by, of that ambitious designation) had at one time been the Rev. Christopher Flint, M.A., tutor of St. Ermengard's, Oxford. There were two or three old Heads of Houses at whose "lodges" he was always a welcome guest, and with whom he would gladly talk over that old time—they and he as different as the poles, yet mutually cordial—but for the most part he was silent about it. There was only one thing which ever ruffled the Professor, even in connection with his hobby. Ordinary opponents, the mere orthodox, never angered him; the wits never got a rise out of him, in the shape even of a flushed cheek; but if he met an advocate of the Ape theory—of the idea that man and monkey were once terms synonymous—then he flamed out at white heat. He grew positively dangerous. His epithets had to be taken in the Pickwickian sense, or the peace must have been sworn against him. It is needless to say that, notwithstanding this, Society at large credited Mr. Flint with a belief in the Ape theory, which, she said, "was *such* a pity," in this "nice old man." One unfortunate young gentleman had once even endeavored to make acquaintance with him on the ground of holding the like heretical view. "*I*, too, Professor, hold the same opinion with yourself, that we are all descended from the ape. The ground for that belief appears to me both solid and sufficient."

"At all events, my good young friend," was the quiet reply, "there are occasional reproductions of type which appear to warrant that theory."

For Mr. Flint had a ready wit, and was, indeed, notwithstanding his learning, almost a man of genius. His manners were said to be original, because they were natural, and folks were a little afraid of him on that account; but, upon the whole, he was a popular man at *The Grand*, whither he had come for a few weeks' change of air and scene. He was now comparatively a rich man, having been lately left sole heir to an old lady of Matlock, who kept pet monkeys, and had understood that he had advocated the claims of her favorite animals to be considered as intelligent companions of man. She had had no relatives nor connections, and the Professor had pocketed the legacy without scruple, though not without a wry face. It was not the first time that a fool had done good service to a wise man.

It was to Mr. Flint's sitting-room, which adjoined his own, that Mr. Frederick Pennant had been invited to coffee and cigars after the table d'hôte, and it was there that the introduction took place which we are about to describe.

The two friends had scarcely seated themselves, and were in the act of lighting their Havanas, when the waiter brought up a card, with the message that the gentleman whose name it bore would be glad to have two minutes' conversation, if convenient, with Professor Flint on a matter of importance. "MR. MILES WINTHROP, Wapshot Hall," was the name and address which Mr. Flint was now regarding with raised eyebrows.

"Winthrop, Winthrop; I seem to know the name. Well, I'll see the gentleman, of course. —Nay, I beg you won't move, Pennant. He has certainly no private business with me; or if he has, it's a swindle. I dare say he's one of my Perkin Warbecks."

"Your Perkin Warbecks?"

"Yes; that's what I call the pretenders to Miss Melksham's estate, of whom I have seen at least half a dozen. She was the old lady who made me her heir, you know. She lived for eighty years without a relative in the world; but, now she's dead, there has sprung up a crop of cousins."

The Professor always spoke of his legacy in this airy way; but, as we have hinted, it was rather a sore subject with him, and the only one where he was afraid of ridicule.

"But this man lives at a Hall," said Pennant, gravely; "it is impossible he can be a swindler."

The dry laugh of the Professor rang out like a watchman's rattle.

"With your permission, I will make a note of that sentiment, and convey it to my friend Victor Hugo, who is compiling a work upon our national characteristics. But hush! here comes our friend."

The door opened, and the waiter ushered in their late *vis-à-vis* of the dinner-table.

The Professor's astonishment was so great that he exclaimed, mechanically, "Mr. Warbeck, I believe!"

"Winthrop is my name," observed the new-comer, in a smooth, soft tone. "I have to apologize for intruding upon your privacy, Professor, since I can hardly hope that I seem to you otherwise than as a perfect stranger. I was, however, your pupil at St. Ermengard's some twenty years ago, and though I only profited by our connection for a brief space, I assure you I have not forgotten my kind tutor."

"To be sure, to be sure," said the Professor, shaking his hand warmly. "I remember now—you left us early; but for the best of reasons—to be married. I trust Mrs. Winthrop—"

"Alas, Sir, she is no more!" said the stranger, touching the narrow rim of crape round the hat he carried in his hand. "I little knew, when I left your college halls, what trouble was in store for me; not only with respect to death, the common lot, but of all kinds. I lost my wife for years long before—"

"Patagonia!" exclaimed the Professor, excitedly. "Why, bless my soul, I remember it all now!—My dear Pennant, permit me to introduce you to Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot."

Frederick inclined his head with stiffness. He had been far from prepossessed, as we saw at the table d'hôte, with the younger Winthrop, and his antipathy (as happens with men of his character) had liberally extended itself to the elder. Fortunately, however, for the common harmony, he was smoking a cigar, which mollifies men's manners, and prevents them from being ferocious, more than the study of all the arts combined.

"You smoke, of course, yourself?" said the Professor, offering his cigar-case.

"I do little else," said Mr. Winthrop, languidly. "These are *Henry Clays*, are they not? When I was in the Havana I bought three chests of them, and nearly killed myself; they are too seductive. If I had known you had them, and not known you, I should have made your acquaintance to-night at all hazards. My murderer—I call my man my murderer, because he is the wickedest of his species, and *will* very likely murder me some day—forgot to pack up my cigars, so I shall not get them till to-morrow, and I can not smoke what they have in the hotel. This is magnificent—divine! By-the-by, Professor, how our dear old warden—he was so good as to stay with me for a week this summer at Wapshot—enjoys his cigar, and indeed every thing! What a constitution he has, and what a noble appetite! Dear me!"

"But why do you sigh, Mr. Winthrop? Your own constitution ought to be a good one. You are a child in years compared with the warden, and you look even younger than you are. Now, if you were *my* age, you might have some cause for despondency."

"My dear Professor, you are a man of iron. I watched you at dinner to-day, and it was quite a treat to see you eat. Such things as they give you here for dinner too! I was quite delighted. I observed to my son, there is a great man opposite, and, thank Heaven, he will live long."

The Professor smiled somewhat uneasily. Flattery of all kinds was unpalatable to him.

"That well-grown young gentleman who sat beside you was your son, was he?"

Mr. Winthrop delicately brushed the collar of his coat with his fingers, as though to remove some imaginary specks of dust.

"Yes, that is Horn Winthrop; my 'little encumbrance,' as I call him. He is at present in the army—an idle school; but then most schools are so. Perhaps the only substantial use of school is to prevent one's boys hanging about at home, and getting into mischief. My belief is that education is a marvelously overrated advantage, if, indeed, it is an advantage at all; and, by-the-by, that reminds me of the cause of my intrusion upon your privacy, which, in your pleasant and friendly welcome, I had quite forgotten. I honestly think I had some excuse for it, but it is quite possible I may have been mistaken. My ignorance upon all subjects is stupendous, and *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. But just cast your eye on this, Professor; it came in my way this afternoon in a manner that augurs well for its authenticity; and seeing you at table to-night, I determined to ask your opinion."

Mr. Winthrop took out of his pocket a small parcel inclosed in fine white paper, and handed it to Mr. Flint. That gentleman opened it tenderly, like a man who is accustomed to handle frail and valuable articles, and then, though the setting sun was filling the room with crimson light, walked hastily with his burden to the open window. The object disclosed was a triangular piece of black bone, with a jagged end.

"Where did you find this?" inquired the Professor, slowly.

"At a spot about nine miles from Shingleton, and between it and Burwell. We were riding home by the side of a stream, when, on a little hill above us, we saw some men apparently in eager talk over some object on the ground. I rode up to them, and they showed me a great hole, which had suddenly discovered itself upon their digging out the stump of an old tree. This hole gave access to a cave of considerable size, in which, however, there was nothing to gratify their curiosity. The men complained to me—as though it was *my* fault—that some mates of theirs had lately discovered a cavern 'all a-glitter with diamonds like,' which had been worth a matter of sixpence a head to them for showing it to the quality ever since; but, as for themselves, it was just like their luck to come upon an old pig-sty such as that, with nothing in it but a few old bones. This was one of the bones."

"There are more, then?" inquired Mr. Flint, his keen eyes flashing with eagerness.

"There seemed to be a good many; but I thought it best for all reasons to depreciate their little discovery. They were disposed to attach some importance to that particular specimen, and wanted to sell it to me for a shilling. 'My good friends,' said I, 'you would surely never sell that for a shilling. It is an invaluable relic. Don't you know what it is?' 'Noa, we doan't,' was their inconsiderate reply. 'Well, then, I'll tell you. It's the self-same and identical weapon with which Samson—of whom you have doubtless heard talk—destroyed the lion. It is the jaw-bone of an ass.' Then I gave them a shilling to buy beer with; and after a few eulogistic remarks upon the weather, pocketed the bone and rode away. That was how Horn and I came to be at the table d'hôte."

"But what *is* this bone?" inquired Mr. Pennant, a little peevishly, for the new-comer's languid air and manner were intolerable to him.

"It is part of the lower jaw of the Cave Bear," said the Professor, decisively; "perhaps the earliest weapon ever fashioned by man. The bone formed the handle; and this canine tooth, as you may imagine, must have made a considerable hole wherever it hit."

"Then this gentleman little knew how near he was to the truth," said Ferderick, "when he instanced Samson to the rustics."

"I did not *know*, Sir, it is true," answered Mr. Winthrop, haughtily; "but if I had not had very strong suspicions that the relic was one of importance, I should not have troubled Professor Flint with the matter."

"Yes, yes; the discovery is most interesting and valuable, my dear Pennant," said Mr. Flint, regarding this old bone with all the admiration that a beauty bestows upon a ball-dress. "There is no trace of the Cave Bear to be found in the *diluvium*. He was probably the first of the extinct animals to disappear.

* 'He wore no black; he wore his white;
He wore no black; he wore his blue;
He never mourned another's flight;
He was himself the first that flew.'

Come, let us have our coffee brought out to us on the balcony."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE INTERRUPTED SONG.

WHEN two men dislike one another it is quite useless for a third man to attempt to heal their differences, though a woman will sometimes succeed in doing so. A fixed idea had taken possession of Mr. Frederick Pennant that Mr. Winthrop was inclined to give himself airs upon the strength of his park and his patrimony, and he was not the man to admit such pretensions, or to give way to them by so much as a hair-breadth. If his adversary had been a peer of the realm he would have submitted, and even done homage, for he was a Briton to the back-bone; but below that rank he deemed no man to be his superior. Mr. Winthrop, on the other hand, whose antagonism had at first been of a negative character, and only exhibited itself in ignoring Mr. Pennant's existence, resented exceedingly that gentleman's suggestion that the nature of the relic he had discovered had been really unknown to him, for to affect ignorance one's self is a very different matter to having it imputed by others; and he did this young man the honor of hating him very heartily from that moment. Mr. Flint, notwithstanding his excitement over his paleontological "find," was quite aware how matters stood between his two companions, and was by no means displeased when, on the adjournment of all three to the balcony, Mrs. Marshall's voice had greeted them in the manner with which we are acquainted, and compelled a movement toward the adjoining apartment, and a general introduction. Mr. Pennant thereby became host, and Mr. Winthrop guest, so that they were bound to be civil to one another; while he (the Professor) felt himself at liberty to withdraw at his own convenience, and gloat over his bone. In the mean time this valuable relic, of course, formed the topic of conversation with the ladies. They were set to guess as to what it was, and some very ingenious speculations were hazarded. Mrs. Marshall, who belonged to an era before anatomy had been proposed as a branch of female education, was convinced that it was the jaw-bone of a man, furnished with a particularly fine eye-tooth. The intelligence that it belonged to a Cave Bear alarmed her; and, notwithstanding a biographical sketch of that animal from the Professor, she thought there might be more of the same species in the neighborhood, and privately resolved not to venture upon any excursion in an open carriage. Mrs. Pennant and Mabel, on the other hand, were really interested in the great discovery, the details of which were once more narrated by Mr. Winthrop.

"But you have not told the ladies how cleverly you put the rustics off the scent," observed Frederick, mischievously; which hiatus had accordingly to be supplied.

"I hope you will know the poor men again," said Mrs. Pennant, gravely.

"My dear madam, it is certain they will know *me*," returned Mr. Winthrop; "and if I am acquainted with the character of the British peasant—his country's pride—they will not be backward to remind me of our acquaintance.—Miss Denham, who is last from Berkshire, and knows our agricultural friends, will, I think, bear me out in that opinion." And he turned to the young girl with a Continental bow and smile.

"Our people are very poor, but they are not beggars," said Mabel, quietly. "I must say I agree with my sister in hoping that you may meet with these men again, to whom you owe so interesting a discovery."

"Then I am sure I hope so too," said Mr. Winthrop, gallantly. "I have promised to take our friend, the Professor, to this cave to-morrow morning.—Can we not persuade these ladies, Mr. Pennant, to accompany us?"

"What do you *say*, Frederick?" inquired the bride, doubtfully.

Frederick was framing an unmistakable "No," when Mrs. Marshall struck in. "Oh, of course we'll go," cried she; "he would not be so cruel as to forbid it. This cave will be the very place to spend a happy day in, as the advertisement says, this broiling weather, and, at the same time, to improve our minds, which all the newspapers tell us has become so necessary for us ladies. We three can go in a fly, you know—I am sure I should be delighted to pay my share of the expense—and the gentlemen can ride. We are none of us *en pension* here, so we may just as well lunch out. It is the very thing which Miss Mabel here would enjoy.—Is it not, my love?"

"I should like to see the cave, of all things," said Mabel, excitedly; then, catching sight of an expression in her sister's face, reflected from the displeasure in her husband's, she blushed, and added, hastily, "at least, if Fred has made no other plans for us to-morrow."

"The Cave Bear can wait," said Mr. Winthrop, gayly; "as he has not been called upon for the last ten thousand years, the delay of a few hours can not make much difference to him. If to-morrow is inconvenient, let us say the day after."

"To morrow will suit us as well as any other day," observed Mr. Pennant, not very graciously, it must be confessed.

So for the morrow the expedition was settled.

Among the furniture in the Pennants' sitting-room was a piano, to which Miss Mabel was invited by the Professor to sit down. She consented at once, for affectation she had none; and in a fine rich voice—of which her slender frame scarcely gave promise—sang "Bonnie Dundee." Mr. Flint stood beside her, softly beating time with his fingers; Mr. Winthrop, with his arms folded, watched her from the open window, his handsome but fretful features lit, for once, with a smile. Frederick, with his hand in his bride's, listened in rapt admiration, and Mrs. Pennant with sisterly pride. The last verse was drawing to its conclusion, and eye and ear were still enchained by the charms of the performer, when a hoarse voice was heard without, exclaiming, "Bravo! bravo! young woman!" followed by a clapping of hands. Crimson with indignation, Frederick rushed to the window; but Mr. Winthrop, who did not seem to comprehend his purpose, was standing in the way; and when he slowly moved aside to permit his passage, the croquet ground beneath, from which the interruption had proceeded, was vacant, or seemed to be so in the gathering gloom.

"Do you know who it was?" said Frederick, sharply, as he strained his eyes over the shadowy space.

"My dear Sir, I? How should I? It is doubtless some young gentleman who has taken too much wine."

"Wine!" cried Frederick, who did not perceive that, notwithstanding his calm voice, Mr. Winthrop's face was livid with rage. "A man must be a savage, drunk or sober, to behave like that. I'll ring the bell, and have this seen to at once."

"My dear Mr. Pennant, I implore you not to do so," pleaded the other, laying his hand upon his arm. "Consider your sister-in-law; you would surely not mix her name up with this foolish jest."

"Sir, I think I am the best judge of my own affairs and hers—"

"Not just at present," interposed the quiet tones of Mr. Flint, who had stepped out to join them. "Mr. Winthrop is quite right, Pennant; the matter is beneath your notice. It was clearly a mere drunken frolic; but it has alarmed Miss Mabel a little. Winthrop and I will leave you. Good-night."

"Pray make my compliments—" began Mr. Winthrop in his softest tone, but Frederick stepped hastily within, and closed the window.

"An unfortunate conclusion to a very charming evening," said Mr. Flint.

"Yes, indeed," answered the other, thoughtfully. "I could not quite catch the ladies' names. What are they?"

"Mrs. Pennant and Miss Denham."

"Yes, yes; but what was it they called one another?"

"May and Ju."

"Dear me. Pointers!" ejaculated Mr. Winthrop.

This gentleman's gallantry and politeness were proverbial among the ladies; but when exiled from their presence, the fair sex was by no means a sacred subject with him.

Mr. Flint looked grave; he was annoyed with the other's freedom, but he could not afford to quarrel with the only man who knew the address of the Cave Bear.

"We threw our cigars away half finished, Mr. Winthrop; will you take another of your favorites?"

"No, I thank you: I must see my man, and make arrangements for to-morrow. I have two horses here, and I hope you will permit me to give you a mount?"

"You are very kind; but I am an old fogy, and prefer wheels to hoofs; besides, I should be robbing your son of his nag."

"My son will not come with us," returned the other, decidedly. "He has no taste for cave bears. Good-night, my dear Sir, and many thanks."

The Professor liked his smoke, and was not to be balked of it for want of a companion; and, taking a chair into the balcony, he puffed away until the moon arose.

"Pointers!" mused he. "That fellow thinks he has hood-winked me by his jest on my fair neighbors; but he was in no humor for jesting, I'll warrant. He is smitten with the charms of Miss Mabel; that's what made Pennant in such a rage with him. But he'll buy her just as though he was at Zanzibar. Her sister will persuade her—they always do. I hope he'll treat her better than his first wife, if what I've heard is true, that's all— Why, what's that?"

At the door of a summer-house that stood at the further end of the croquet lawn there was a little burst of light, and then a gleaming spot such as a glow-worm shows. This was a man lighting a cigar. With a glance up at the balcony, where the lightless windows of the Pennants' room showed that its tenants had retired, the individual in question came swiftly across the lawn; as he did so his foot caught in a croquet hoop, and a hoarse execration burst from his lips.

"You are too impulsive, my young friend, for an eaves-dropper," was Mr. Flint's muttered reflection. "I recognize the silvery tones which cried out, 'Bravo! bravo! young woman!' By Jupiter Tonans, it's the Carib!"

It was certainly Mr. Horn Winthrop who limped into the house beneath, as this ejaculation was made; and as no one else had visited the croquet ground in the interim, it must have been he whose barbarous homage had been extorted by Miss Denham's song.

"Winthrop must have known it was his son," mused the Professor. "It's clear to me that he's ashamed of him. I don't wonder at it. His voice is like the war-whoop of an Ojibbeway, compared to his father's satin note. He drinks, that's certain; and he has no taste for cave bears. That young man is altogether a bad lot."

With which fixed conclusion the Professor retired to bed.

## "CARED FOR" AND "UNCARED FOR."

The heart must be stony, indeed, that is not touched with profound sympathy, and filled with detestation of war, by the sketch of the poor French soldier left dying on the battle-field, over which the storm of lead and iron lately swept with unsparing fury. Wounded unto death, and just able to lift his head, he grimly thinks, perhaps, of the defeat and ruin of his country, or of the dear friends of his native village whom he will never meet in this life again; the good old mother, whose declining years he hoped to cheer; his sisters, who had been so proud of their gallant brother; his comrades of the school, the play-ground, the work-shop—will they ever hear of his death on this dismal plain? Will they only hear that he was missing when the roll was called next day, and never know where he lies buried, with other nameless and forgotten braves? Perhaps he wonders why God permitted an ambitious ruler to bring the horrors of war upon a peaceful land, and whether all the blood which moistens so many plains has been shed for naught.

"Cared for" has a different fate, which by contrast makes the other scene only more harrowing in its desolateness and unrelieved misery. This soldier, too, was struck by one of the enemy's missiles; but, instead of being left on the field to die of his wounds, he was borne away from the struggle, and carefully attended by the surgeon. His leg has not been cut off; the bones are fairly set, and will soon support him as firmly as ever. He has strength to sit in a chair, leaning upon a stick in his right hand, and to make a gesture of natural courtesy in acknowledging the approach of the kind nurse—a volunteer, doubtless, commissioned by the Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded—who brings him a cup of nourishing drink. She wears the cross of red on pure white, and the service on which she is employed is that of universal philanthropy—the only redeeming feature of grace and mercy in this terrible war which has transformed millions of men into the likeness of wild beasts. This crusade of organized charity to assuage the sufferings of war's innumerable victims is the only good that can result from the folly and wickedness that brought these horrors upon Europe. Far above the might of conquerors, with millions of bayonets at command, is the mission of divine mercy undertaken by the willing hearts, hands, and gifts of Christian people.

## THE CONCARNEAU SARDINE FISHERY.

Concarneau, in Brittany, stands on a rocky island, surrounded by fortifications, with eight or nine towers and thick walls, and communicating with the main land by means of a draw-bridge. This is called the "Ville Close." It consists of only one street. Opposite the island is the faubourg Sainte Croix, which is more populous than the Ville Close, and where all the business of the place is carried on. The sardine fishery, from June to November, occupies two-thirds of the population. From three to four hundred vessels are employed, with five men to each boat. Calm weather is most favorable for fishing. The sardines are taken in large seine nets, one side floating with corks on the surface of the water, the other falling vertically. The sardines, attracted by the bait, try to force themselves through the meshes of the net, and are caught by their gills. The bait used is called "rogue." The best is composed of the roe of the codfish, pounded and steeped in salt-water for several days; sometimes the roe and flesh of the mackerel are used. Rogue is made in Norway and Denmark, but principally at Drontheim, and is very expensive, costing about sixpence the pound; hence an inferior bait is substituted, composed of shrimps and other small crustacea, with fish salted, and the heads of anchovies, all pounded and putrefied together. But this kind of decomposed bait is forbidden by the fishery laws. The employment of it accounts for the rareness of good sardines, as the remaining of such a substance in the body of the animal can not fail of corrupting it. It is a pretty sight to behold the little fleet employed in the sardine fishery return in the evening, laden with the results of the day's work. The fish, when landed, are counted out into baskets, shaken in the water, and taken up to one of the curing-houses. Of these there are about sixty in Concarneau. In the first shed we saw above fifty women employed in taking off their heads—*detêter* it is called—an operation they effect with great dexterity. With one cut at the back of the neck the head is separated and the fish *éventré* at the same time.

The sardines are next placed in little wire trays, with divisions like a double gridiron, and fried or dipped in boiling oil, an operation principally performed by the women of Pont l'Abbé, who are supposed to be peculiarly constituted to resist heat. The gridirons are then hung up to drain. The sardines are next packed in tin boxes, cold oil poured over them, and the boxes soldered down. From 800 to 900 boxes are placed in a boiler and boiled for half an hour to test the boxes, and those which leak are put aside. They are of English tin, and the making of them is the winter's occupation. Finally, the boxes are stamped with the name of the establishment, and packed in deal cases for exportation. The sardine is a very delicate fish, and easily decays. It is only taken out of the net with a rake (*raquette*); in summer numbers are spoiled from being heaped in the boats, and at whatever hour the boats come in the fish go through the whole process of curing, as they will not keep till the next day. Concarneau exports from 15,000 to 20,000 barrels of sardines annually. Only a part are *anchoitée*, that is, preserved like the anchovies of the Mediterranean; the others are salted in casks; and quantities, only slightly salted, are packed in baskets, to be sent to the provincial markets. It is estimated that twelve hundred million fish have been caught this year. The sardine fishery extends along the whole western coast of Brittany from Douarnenez to the Loire.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There are many brave-hearted men whose names are never known to fame, but whose quiet heroism is more worthy of mention than scores of more public deeds of daring which readily win praise and renown. Sometimes instances of self-sacrifice in private soldiers come to light which are truly noble. During the siege of Metz the supply of chloroform in the hands of the medical officers became very limited. After one of the sorties a soldier was brought to the hospital with his hand smashed by a shell. Examination showed that some of the shattered bones must be removed. The soldier asked to be made insensible during the operation. "I have been suffering terribly for the last two hours," said he, "and I do not believe that I could support any further pain." The surgeon was silent. It was a very painful operation, but the chloroform was almost gone. Noticing that the surgeon did not reply, after a short pause the soldier inquired, "Is the stuff that makes one sleep getting short?" "Terribly short," the surgeon said; "it has nearly come to an end." The wounded man was silent for a minute or two; then he said, "Very well, M. le Docteur, then I will do without it; some of those who have worse wounds than I have will want it more; only be quick about it." So saying, he stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth, and held out his hand for the operation to be performed. This quiet resignation of what would have alleviated his own torture for the benefit of others was true heroism.

In Boston there is on exhibition the model of a vessel intended to be propelled by the undulatory motion of the sea. The arrangement of the machinery is such that, however high or irregular the waves, it will never operate beyond a definite limit. Means are provided for regulating the speed perfectly.

Mr. Dye, a hale and hearty Indianian, barely threescore years old, has performed the somewhat unusual task of digging his own grave. In fact, he prepared his last resting-place several years ago, with his own hands, and has recently been repairing the tomb, heavy rains having caved in the earth. It is his desire that when he dies he shall be dressed in certain specified clothing, and that a blanket shall be laid in the tomb, upon which his remains are to rest. Another blanket is to be spread over him, a large slab of stone placed on the tomb, and the earth filled in above. He wishes no coffin, no burial service or sermon, and no monument erected to his memory.

Among the people shut up in Paris are three Japanese students, whom their French tutor has kept there. They write short notes to their friends in London, in Japanese characters, on the margins of newspapers, which they trust to the balloon post, and say they heartily wish they were out of the place, as they get nothing but horse-flesh and dog-flesh to eat.

On December 30, 1870, the mercury was nine degrees above zero in this city, indicating a degree of cold greater than any December day since 1860, excepting two—one in 1862, and one in 1866, when the thermometer registered eight and four degrees above zero. So the Old Year gave us a touch of intense cold just before he gave us his last farewell.

About ten years ago the French Emperor bought a portion of the Farnese Gardens from the King of Naples, and since then extensive excavations have been going on in it. Recently Napoleon offered to sell this property to the Italian government, and a transfer was made on condition of the payment of 650,000 francs. Under the control of the Italian government the excavations will be completed, and, doubtless, new art treasures brought to light.

At the latest accounts more than forty balloons had been sent out of the French capital since the investment of the city.

It is stated that about one thousand persons have lost their lives in connection with the working of the Mont Cenis Tunnel since it was first begun in 1857.

The burning of the Spottswood House has aroused people to a sense of the necessity of having fire-escapes attached to hotels and other buildings.

Very contradictory are the accounts from Paris. Some letters state that the citizens are suffering greatly from lack of food; other letters report that though the supply of fresh meat is limited, bread and wine are abundant, and that there is no danger of the people starving for months.

Forage is so scarce in Paris that many valuable horses are fed upon bread. This has excited some indignation, and a curious dispute has arisen. A horse eats about as much bread in a day as would support ten citizens. Therefore it is asked whether it is worth while to keep him, for the purpose of having fresh meat in the future? There has been a good deal of arithmetic done upon this question, and citizens, horses, and bread have been multiplied, divided, subtracted, and added up till the ministry are quite perplexed.

The celerity with which architectural work can now be accomplished by skillful hands is something wonderful. On the 10th of last July the corner-stone of the new church of St. Ann's, in Twelfth Street, was laid, and on New-Year's Day the building was publicly consecrated. The edifice is of the pure French Gothic style of the thirteenth century, 166 feet long and 63 wide. It is divided into a nave and two side aisles by rows of pillars, from which arches spread off, forming the roof. The impression received on entering the church is that of height, and as all the interstices between the arched ribs of the roof are painted a beautiful sky-blue, fretted with golden stars, the effect is very fine. The three altars are made entirely from American marble of different colors, and elaborately carved and gilded. The tabernacle, placed in the centre of the high altar, is a cube of fine gray marble, dotted with inlaid gilt crosses. The door is of gilt bronze. The baldachin, or canopy, supported by the tabernacle, is about four feet high, and was hewn from one block of white marble, which originally weighed over two tons. The weight is now about one ton. It is in the form of a quadrangular temple, with floriated roof, on the corners of which are carved angels with folded wings. This was designed by the architect, Mr. N. Le Brun, as well as all the furniture of the church—gas-fixtures, candlesticks, crucifixes, and even the organ case—by which means the most perfect unity of design has been secured. The church is finished in walnut and chestnut, elaborately yet chastely carved and gilded, and will seat about 1600 persons.

In Dublin a new weekly has appeared, bearing the name, *Billet-Doux*, and addressed "To the Daughters of Eve all over the world."

A young East Indian prince recently died at a hotel in Florence, and, according to the custom of his country, it was necessary to go through the ceremony of burning his body. With some difficulty, authority was obtained to perform the unusual rite, and about five hundred persons assembled to witness it. The body was wrapped in princely robes, and costly ornaments adorned it. After many strange ceremonies, the ashes were gathered up, inclosed, and sealed, to be sent to the native country of the deceased.

More than one fire has recently occurred from the cold-air boxes of furnaces being closed. Housekeepers should examine the condition of their furnaces.

Since Madame Seebach came to America she has given over eighty performances in different cities.

Water is becoming a scarce commodity in Boston. The Cochituate Lake is very low, and the President of the Water Board urges upon the people the absolute necessity of economy. Indeed, unless there is rain to fill the springs, the supply will be limited to certain hours in the day, and manufacturers may be altogether deprived of its use.

The marriage between the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise is announced to come off in March. The royal bride is to have eight bridemaids, seven of whom were selected at the last account.

Captain Eyre, of the steamer *Bombay*, whose conduct was so much censured at the time he ran into the steamer *Oneida*, and for which he was suspended for the term of six months, has now been notified by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company that his services are no longer required.

We see it stated that among the Americans shut up in Paris is Miss Mary C. Putnam, daughter of the publisher. She was recently elected to a professorship in the Medical College of New York city.

It is generally understood that Mr. Tennyson is contemplating a short epithalamium in honor of the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne with the Princess Louise.

During the last three years Russia has expended at least one hundred and twenty millions of rubles (a ruble is about seventy-five cents of our money) in constructing railways. The war budget of 1869 amounted to one hundred and thirty-six millions of rubles, and that of the current year has exceeded it by upward of four millions. The Emperor has himself announced the setting apart of forty millions of rubles for "extraordinary war expenses for the year 1871." The War Office reports that by the ensuing 1st of January 497,000 remodeled and 150,000 new breech-loaders will be ready for use. So Russia is making all due preparations for war.

A German soldier writes the following romantic account of his quarters:

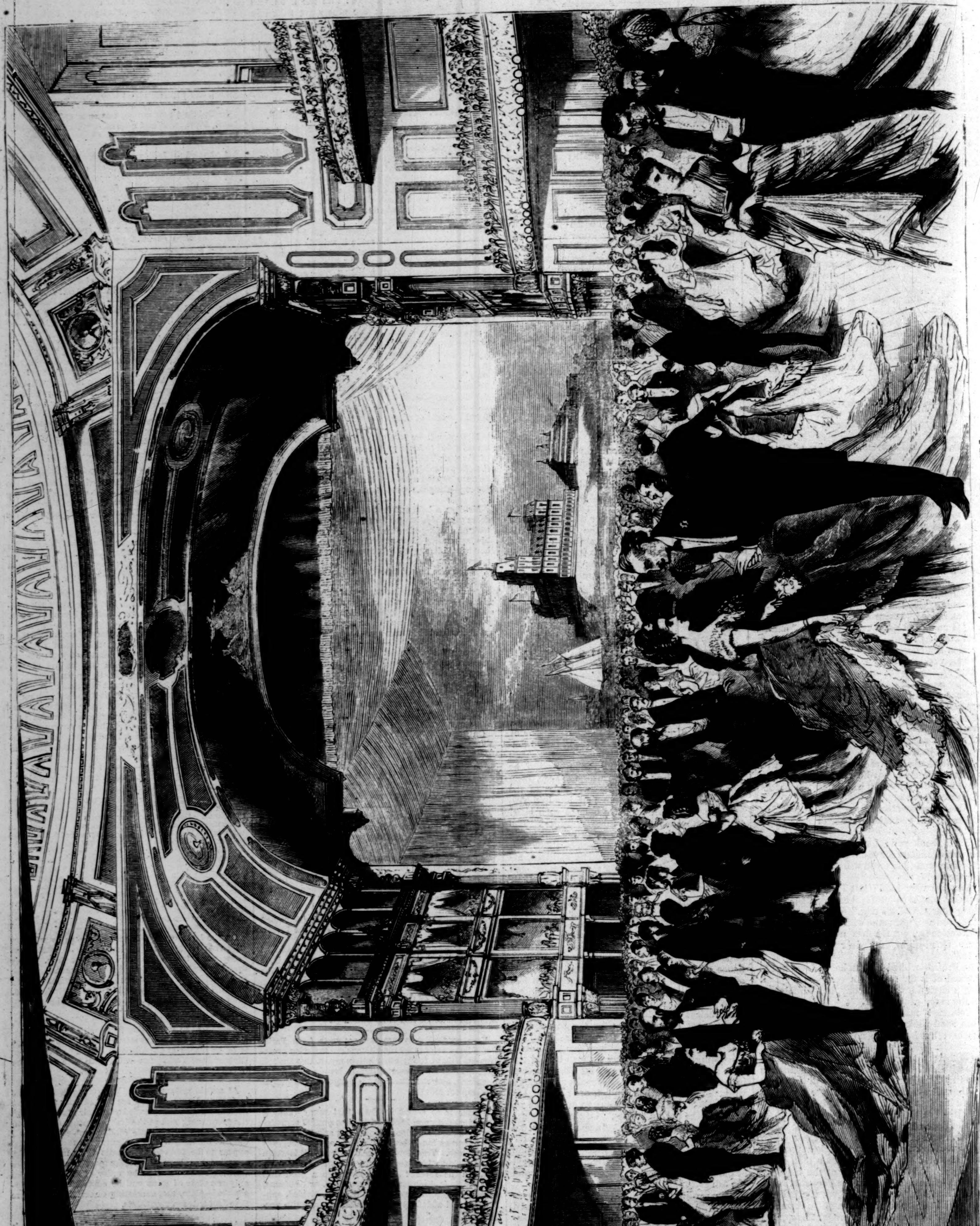
"I am sitting in a French tent, erected in the Prince Imperial's play-ground, behind the burned palace of St. Cloud. Imperial mattresses serve for a bed, and silk sofa and chair cushions for pillows. For blankets we use Turkey carpets and other articles from the palace. We also use the splendid tea and coffee services of Sèvres or Alféride porcelain, the imperial plate, glasses, and bottles, on all which the inevitable 'N.,' with the crown above it, is inscribed. The Prince's play-ground is a large grass-plot, with a miniature railway in the middle, with tunnel, bridges, and a station. Of course these artificial contrivances are now ruined, only a few fragments remaining. There are likewise some remains of a gymnastic apparatus, which the soldiers burn up in making their soup or coffee."

On the last day of 1870 two of the party who are wintering on Mount Washington for scientific purposes went two miles down the mountain. They found traveling very dangerous on account of the snow and ice, in some places sliding a distance of one hundred feet before they could recover their foothold. They returned in safety, although much exhausted.

Miss Edmonia Lewis, the young colored sculptor, has returned to Italy. She takes with her a commission to chisel a life-sized statue of John Brown, which is to be placed at the disposal of the Union League Club of New York. She will return with the statue in the spring of 1871.

At certain restaurants in Paris strangers are politely informed that dinners are served only to regular customers, who have handed over their ration-cards to the proprietor; and at the établissements de bouillon where most of the Garde Mobile dine when not on duty at the ramparts or the advanced forts, and who appear to be favored as regards their meat supply, a notice has been for weeks past over the doors warning customers that by order of the authorities only one plate of meat will be supplied to each person—said plate, too, consisting of certainly not more than half a dozen mouthfuls.

About one year ago a Japanese prince of high rank went to San Francisco, and entered the City College. In his own language he was well informed, and being naturally bright and intelligent, he succeeded in making admirable progress, although thirty-five years old. He returned home at the expiration of a year, able to read and write English. In his own language the prince could write in three different styles, to wit, the Katakan language, or colloquial, the mandarin, and a script. When asked what special reason his people had for desiring to be educated in this country, the prince said that they desired to know how a country less populous than Japan could be so much more powerful. The prince returned to Japan some months ago, but will resume his studies next year. Twenty Japanese have attended the City College, in San Francisco, within the past three years; at present there are but two of the race at the institution. They are now more inclined to come to the Eastern States.



THE AMERICUS CLUB BALL—INTERIOR OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—[SEE PAGE 57.]

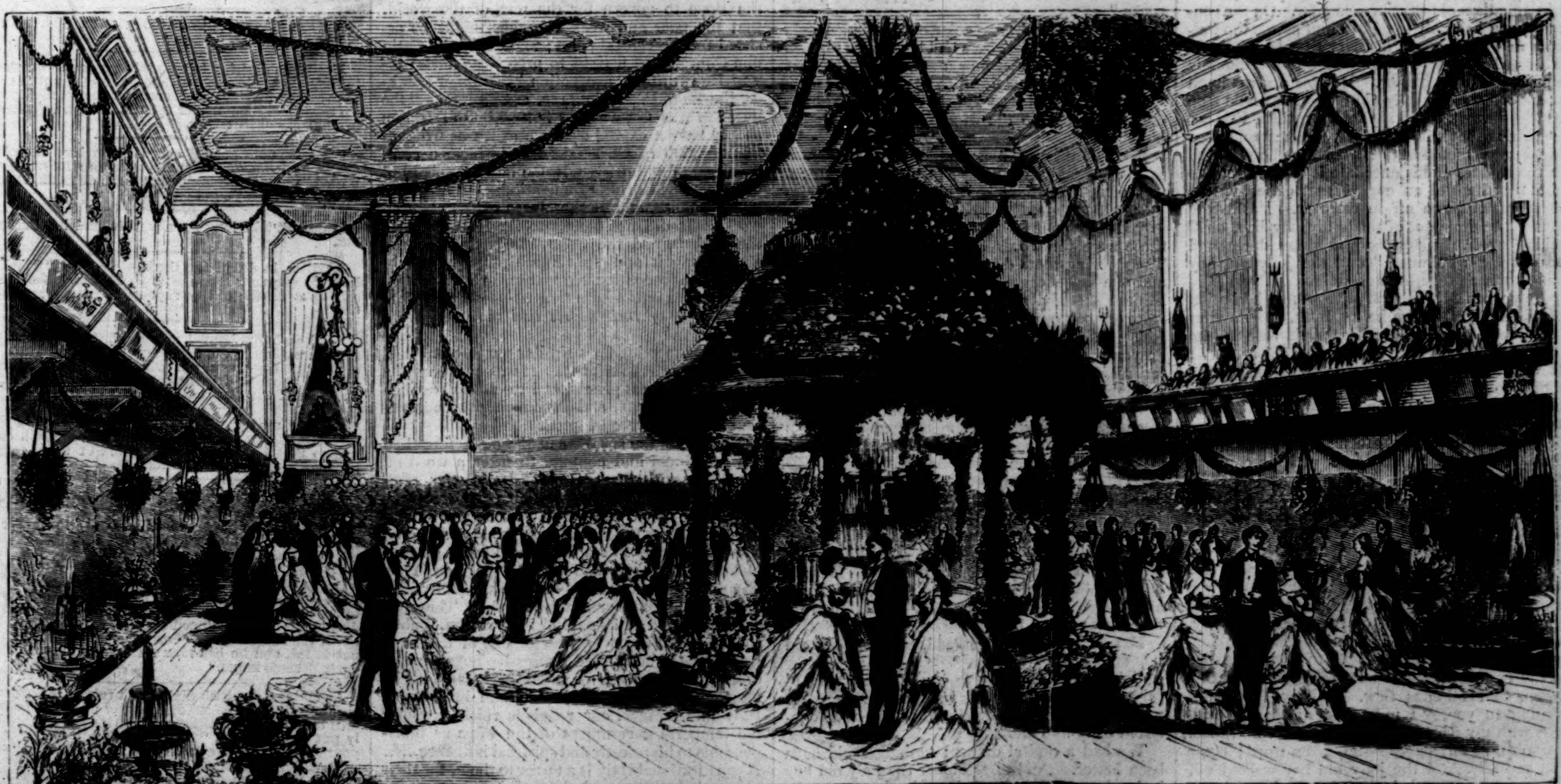
## THE AMERICUS CLUB BALL.

The Americus Club, which held its annual ball with unusual splendor on the 5th inst., is one of the most flourishing organizations of the kind in New York. Founded in 1853, it led a rather languid existence for eight or ten years, when it was brought into general prominence by the accession of Mr. Tweed to its membership. It now counts among its members many prominent politicians of various shades of political faith. The club grounds and buildings at Greenwich, Connecticut, are of great extent, and striking for beautiful elaboration of design and finish. There the art of summer sea-side enjoyment is brought almost to the summit of perfection.

The President of the Americus Club is Hon. W. M. Tweed, whose portrait is given on this page. Born in April, 1823, in an old-fashioned brick house in Cherry Street, New York, he has led a varied and remarkable career. With little education, but plenty of native talent, spirit, and ambition, he resolved to devote himself to a mercantile life. At first a clerk in the tobacco store of J. & G. C. Alexander, at a salary of fifty dollars a year, then a clerk, and afterward junior partner, in the firm of D. Berrien & Co., brushmakers, he proved himself an active and intelligent man of business. On leaving the last-mentioned firm he tried his fortune as a stock-broker, failed, and resolved to go into politics. In this career, whatever may be thought of the means he has taken to secure his ends, his success was immediate, surprising, and apparently permanent. Discovering that the Seventh Ward presented the most promising field for political honors, he took up his residence within its precincts; and, as the first step in his new career, joined the "Americus Engine Company," No. 6, or "Big Six," as it was popularly called. Chiefly through the influence of this company he was elected alderman of the Seventh Ward in 1851—a position which he held for two years. He was elected to the Thirty-third Congress, over Mr. Joseph Hoxie; was School-Commissioner for two years, being first elected in 1856; was elected to the Board of Supervisors in 1858; ran for Sheriff in 1861, and was defeated by James Lynch; was made Deputy-Street-Commissioner in 1862—a position which he held for several years. In 1867 he was elected a member of the State Senate, and was re-elected in 1869, receiving on both occasions an overwhelming majority of the votes cast. Besides this important position he is Commissioner of Public Works, Grand Sachem of Tammany, and last, though not least, President of the Americus Club.

The ball, of which we give two illustrations, was very elegant. The Academy of Music and Irving Hall were connected by a Gothic passage, and the whole interior of the Hall was a labyrinth of festoons, flowers,

HON. WILLIAM M. TWEED.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]



THE AMERICUS CLUB BALL—INTERIOR OF IRVING HALL.

fountains, flags, and fir-trees, arranged with great taste. The most attractive feature of the whole display was the presence of over a thousand canary-birds, fluttering and chirping in gilded cages hung from every point in the hall from which such an ornament might depend. The decorations were intrusted to Mr. WILSON, florist, and Messrs. JAMES L. and GEORGE S. MILLER, of whose taste and skill the brilliant display afforded striking evidence.

In the Academy of Music but few decorations besides those of the auditorium itself had been attempted. The stage, orchestra, and parquet had been floored over for dancing. The stage itself was cleared, and the "flats" set for a drawing-room scene, with a tent roof tinted to correspond with the colors of the walls. At the rear of the stage a back scene, covering the whole wall, represented the new buildings of the Americus Club as they are to appear, which is shown in our illustration. In front of this scene was a gas device, fifteen feet in diameter, representing the well-known badge of the club, with the familiar tiger's head surrounded by the legend, "Americus Club," and appropriately flanked with cork-screws. From each of the four chandeliers over the stage hung ornamental cages filled with chattering canaries; and rows of similar prisons hung from the gas jets on the dress-circle and the ornaments of "flirtation row" and the third tier. Lining the walls were marble vases of cut flowers, and fronting the main entrance was a full-sized photograph of Mr. TWEED finished in crayons.

It is estimated that at least six thousand people were gathered in the Academy on this occasion, and, of course, there was a terrible jam. It was scarcely possible to move about. The spectacle, viewed from the stage after the company had well assembled, was brilliant and magnificent. The varied and elegant dresses of the ladies, the sparkle of jewels, the melodious twitter of innumerable canaries distributed in cages all over the house, made up a gala pageant such as is rarely witnessed any where in the world.

## A DINNER WITH THE "JOLLY OLD BOY."

I.

MR. JOSEPH FLINTOFF, head partner in the firm of Flintoff, Parminter, and Scinnum, was a sort of person whom it did you good merely to look at. There was such a jolly twinkle about the old boy's eye, such a rich smile always playing round his mouth, such a deep, luscious, gurgling note in his voice whenever he spoke, that reminded you of a rare port vintage. His gait, his manner, every thing about him, seemed to betoken the presence of one of those blessed creatures who are the salt of the earth—utterly careless of himself, and careful only for an opportunity of benefiting his species. He did not do much in the way of active business now, did Mr. Joseph Flintoff—"old Joey Flintoff" his friends affectionately used to call him. He had worked hard in his time, and fairly earned his repose. And this repose he enjoyed in the neighborhood of Clapham, in as snug a country house as any of the Clapham gentry could boast. To see the old fellow coming down by the afternoon train, and smoking one of those excellent cigars which he delighted to give his friends after dinner, beaming a smile of benignity and satisfaction upon all who entered the carriage, you could not help muttering to yourself, "What a jolly old boy!" And a jolly old boy Mr. Joseph Flintoff, by universal consent, was.

If you wanted to see Mr. Flintoff under his most favorable aspect—not that any of his aspects were unfavorable—you should have dined with him. He was far from being a sort of soulless, mindless old Silenus—very far. On the contrary, you had only to talk to him across the walnuts and the wine to discover that Mr. Flintoff possessed a shrewd head and an uncommonly amusing vein of humor. He was a great hand at a story, was the jolly old boy. He would stop you in the street and say, "Now, then, I've got something that will make you laugh;" and then Mr. Flintoff would begin: but before he was well in the middle of his anecdote it would occur to him that he had an engagement close by, and that he must run off to catch it. "But you mustn't be done out of this story, my boy, eh?" said Joey F.; "suppose you come down and hear it out at dinner;" and the jolly old boy pulled himself together and walked off.

Now when Mr. Flintoff gave you an invitation of this kind, of course he meant it. Bless your heart, would it not have been a pleasure to him to dine you every day to the top of your bent? It was very awkward that he sometimes quite forgot to name a date, and not liking to take him by surprise, you thought, probably, that you would wait till you met him again in the course of your city rounds, when he would be sure to fix day and hour for his dinner and the continuance of his famous story. "Ah, you dog," Mr. Flintoff would playfully observe to you the next time that you came across each other, "why didn't you come and dine? I suppose you are afraid to face an old boy's society like mine; but I can promise you a rare bottle of '31 port, and we'll broach a magnum of Lafitte. Will you come?—now, you must." You were on the point of accepting, and of even naming a day, when the jolly old boy's attention would suddenly be arrested by a passenger to whom he had to say one word. The one word increased to a dozen, and minutes flew. "Now," he said, turning to you, "I must just finish this business with my friend. Mind you come and dine. I won't take any excuse—no, not a word; come you must." And the jolly old boy walked off, leaving you as much in ignorance of day, hour, and perhaps even place, as ever.

Basing their dictum upon such experiences as these, there were some persons who were profane enough to say that the jolly old boy was little, if at all, better than a jolly old humbug, that his dinners were nothing more substantial than Barmecide's feasts, and that his stories were mere shams. They were wrong: Mr. Flintoff did give dinners, and, as I have already remarked, singularly good ones.

"None of your kickshaws for me," said the jolly old boy; "none of your badly made French dishes. You won't get them when you come to my crib; sound simple fare and sound wine. I think I can promise you that, eh?" and the old boy's lips would go through the imaginary process of tasting an ideal vintage of Oporto. "Just a plain dinner, you know; a little clear soup—clear turtle suits this time of year, eh?—a nice bit of turbot, just one *entrée*, a well-hung saddle of mutton, and a brown bird." It was a remarkable coincidence, but possibly this happened to be your own idea of a decent little dinner too. "Then I've got a still hock I should like you to try—just laid down twenty dozen of it; and with that and the brown sherry, a bottle or so of the old port, and, if you like it, the Chambertin, I've no doubt we shall get on. And—stay—it's bad for digestion moving after dinner; better sleep the night."

This was a favorite programme of the jolly old boy's, and you could not but allow that it was arranged upon sound principles. It was surprising how anecdotical Mr. Flintoff would become over the port or the Chambertin. Not that he monopolized the conversation; on the contrary, he liked to hear his friends talk, indeed encouraged them to talk, to discuss their present, and to canvass their prospects.

Such was Mr. Joseph Flintoff; "a rare good sort. The world wants a few more such," public opinion generally allowed.

II.

Mr. Flintoff, I may as well say, was a widower. It was a good many years ago since his wife had died. There was a full-length portrait of her in the dining-room at Clapham; a gentle delicate-looking young thing. She had brought him a large marriage portion, and when fate had deprived him of her, the whole of her fortune passed into his hands. Their married life had been short, lasting not more than two or three years; and Mr. Flintoff had not ventured to resume a state of matrimony. He had told me himself that his heart was buried in his poor young wife's grave; and so no doubt it was.

It was generally stated that Mr. Flintoff had a son, but that he, Flintoff junior, had, in some manner or other, "gone wrong," and that all intercourse between parent and child had ceased. At any rate, the jolly old boy never alluded to the subject of his offspring; and he but seldom reverted to his past life; neither could it be considered the legitimate business of other people.

Christmas-day was drawing close, and on Christmas-day Jack Rochester and I were to dine with the jolly old boy at his villa near Clapham.

"Very good of you indeed," Mr. Flintoff had said, when we had accepted his invitation to "cut our turkey with him," as he called it; "very good of you, and very kind to take pity on an old man's solitude; still, we'll do what we can to make you snug. Shall we say 6.30, and I'll have rooms ready for both of you; you can't go back the same night."

"I should like to have gone down to Strethcastar for Christmas-day," said Jack afterward to me, thinking of a certain young lady with long hair and hazel eyes; "but, please goodness, I shall have my own crib this day next year."

"Never mind," I replied, "we must take the gifts the gods provide, and be thankful for them accordingly; and I have not the slightest doubt that old Flintoff will make us happy as fighting-cocks."

It happened to be a regular old-fashioned style of Christmas-day. There had been snow for two days beforehand, and now a severe frost had set in. We had walked down to Clapham, and were not sorry, I promise you, to see the pleasant gleam of the fire outside the windows of the jolly old boy's villa.

Mr. Flintoff was engaged when we were shown in to his snugly furnished and brightly lit drawing-room, but would be with us in a few minutes.

"D—n you and Master George too!" Yes, those were the words we heard quite distinctly. The drawing-room door was left a little bit open, and the voice came from the direction of Mr. Flintoff's study, and it was unmistakably the voice of none other than of the jolly old boy himself. "I'll tolerate no begging. I've done all for you that I can. Because you were my wife's servant, and nursed my son, that's no reason why I should have you coming here, and begging me to forgive him and take pity on him, as you call it, and send that stupid penniless wax doll whom he made his wife more money. The allowance I make him is enough, quite enough."

"Oh, Sir; and he been so ill, and Mrs. George just had another baby!"

"If people are fools, Mrs. Jones, their folly be on their own head, that's all I have to say; and if it's my son who is the fool, I don't know that he should be any exception to the rule. But I'll have nothing more to say to you; and don't come as George's embassadress again. Tell him it's a fool's errand, and be—"

But here the door slammed, and the jolly old boy entered.

"A merry Christmas to you both, my boys!" said Mr. Flintoff. "Magnificently seasonable weather! So good of you to take pity on a lonely old chap like me."

We had a capital dinner; nothing could have been better. And after dinner the jolly old boy insisted on having the little table close up to the fire with the nuts and the wine. When we looked at the benignant countenance of Mr. Joseph Flintoff, we felt quite certain it was impossible for such a man to do any thing that savored of harshness to a son of his, supposing him to have one. Our ears must have deceived us, there was no doubt about that. The jolly old boy hard-hearted?—why, the idea was absurd, simply ridiculous! And so we went on laughing, and chatting, and drinking the old boy's wine, and cracking his nuts.

"Now," said our host, "I'm an old man, and you must pardon me if I do an old-fashioned thing. With you young fellows, drinking health has gone out; but Christmas is an old-fashioned day, and therefore I shall presume upon the period. There's one toast which we ought to drink for your sakes—Happiness and prosperity and luck to both of you!" And the jolly old boy, so saying, filled a glass of port and drained it. By way of acknowledging the compliment, we did the same.

"Here's another, and the last," said Jack, "which we must all of us drink—'Absent friends and relations!'" And Jack filled his glass and gave the toast, the jolly old boy and myself following his example, and repeating his words, "Absent friends and relations!"

"Father," said a voice, "will you not speak to me?"

We started, and looked round. It was a young man whose voice we had heard—thin, ill-looking, and not over-thickly clad.

The jolly old boy turned purple with rage. "George," he said, "d—n you, get out of my sight! I'll have no more to say to you; I told the old crone so whom you sent here this afternoon. You've made your bed, and, by God, you shall lie on it! Get back to your wife, she'll comfort you," shrieked the jolly old boy, positively foaming at the mouth. "Why do you come and intrude yourself where you're not wanted?"

Jack and myself rose to go. The young man stopped us.

"Only first hear," said he, "what I have done to deserve this—how I have been treated—what has been my fault—how miserably I have atoned for my folly. My mother—"

There was a gurgling kind of noise. We looked round. The jolly old boy had fallen from his chair in a fit; the excitement had been too much for him. A doctor was sent for, and we left him in his hands. The young man, George Flintoff, watched by his bedside all night. In the morning, when Jack Rochester called to inquire, he met the medical man, who shook his head.

"It's all over. A man of his make and habit could not recover such a shock as he had last night. He was conscious before he died, and his son never left him. A good young fellow that. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, of course; and *nil nisi bonum* will his son say. But he was a hard husband and a cruel, selfish father. He would have let his son starve like a dog."

Such was this jolly old boy in particular. Somehow or other, since then I don't put the same faith which I did in "jolly old boys" in general.

## AMERICA AND THE POPE.

IF any one imagines Mr. NAST's admirable cartoon, which will be found on page 61 this week, to be in any sense a caricature, he has only to read the newspaper reports of various mass-meetings held throughout the country to express sympathy with the Pope to be convinced of his error. One of the most recent of these meetings was held on the 6th inst. at Boston, when the Music Hall in that city was so thronged that not one-half of those who sought admission could be accommodated with standing room. The Catholic Bishop of Boston made, as was to be expected, a vehement protest against Italian occupation. Rome, he claimed, was given to the Pope to govern for the rest of the world, that the poor and weak churches might be assisted from a central point; and hence the Catholic Church had a right to protest against VICTOR EMANUEL's "usurpation." Another speaker, the Hon. P. A. COLLINS, asserted that "the question was not whether 20,000,000 of Italian should have a capital as much as it was whether 200,000,000 of Christians should have a common seat of authority. Rome had occupied but two positions since its foundation—as the capital of the empire, and as the Mecca of the civilized world. It did not belong to the Romans or to the Italians, and the Pope was justified in not abandoning it and the Church property to robbers. The occupation must cease, for 200,000,000 *of Catholics will tender their acknowledged head the homage of their hearts and the strength of their hands.*"

A mass-meeting for a similar purpose was held the same day at Cincinnati. It was addressed by several prominent priests, and resolutions against VICTOR EMANUEL, and denouncing the occupation of Rome, were adopted.

Not one of the speakers at these meetings had the manliness and courage to utter a word of sympathy with the masses of Italy, who, after long years of almost hopeless struggle, have overthrown the petty tyrants who, by the aid of foreign bayonets, kept them in bondage, and achieved the establishment of a free and liberal government for the whole nation. As the New York *Times* truly says, "They have no sympathy with a liberated Rome, or a united Italy. They call the occupation of its capital by a nation 'public robbery,' and the overthrow of one of the most stupid, reactionary, and oppressive governments of Europe an attack on public right and Christian morality. Unlike their liberal brethren in Italy and France, our religious rulers consider the temporal government of the Pope as indispensable to his priestly and spiritual influence...... A constitutional Italy is a terror to them, for their priests have instructed them that liberty means irreligion. A united Italian nation is a matter of indifference to their minds, unless the union be under priestcraft."

It was, perhaps, to be expected that the masses of Roman Catholics in this country and England should pursue this course; but what shall be said of the statesmen—or, rather politicians—who truckle to their ignorant and bigoted prejudice? We understand from good authority, says the paper already quoted, that there is great difficulty in inducing public men to utter a word of sympathy for so stirring an event as the liberation of Rome and the unity of Italy, after more than a thousand years of separation and oppression, under one constitutional and free government. It is to be hoped these timid statesmen, who have proved recreant to the first principles on which our own liberties depend, will take a lesson from Mr. NAST's cartoon.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CATHOLIC gentleman, who was on the point of being married, obtained from his confessor his certificate of confession. Having read it, he observed that the priest had omitted the usual penance. "Did you not tell me," said the confessor, "that you were going to be married?"

One of the grave questions just now agitating the suffragists is this: "If women are too angelic to vote, how can they best be made wicked enough to become worthy of that great blessing?"

A young gentleman from the "rooral districs," who advertised for a wife, received answers from eighteen husbands, informing him that he could have theirs.

A thirty-two-months girl thus accosted her father a day or two ago: "Papa, will you buy me some hole to put in my ears, so I can have some ear-rings?"

Reporters are often unconsciously satirical. A morning paper says in an obituary: "Mr. —— was an estimable citizen. He lived uprightly; he died with perfect resignation—he had been recently married."

THE COLORS OF A STORM—Blew.

An old Scotch domestic gave a capital reason to his *young* master for his being allowed to do as he liked: "Ye needna find fault wi' me, Maister Jeems; I hae been langer about the place than yersel."

"What possessed you to marry that dowdy?" said a mother to her son. "Because you always told me to pick a wife like my mother," was the dutiful reply.

A Western writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling *tho* is "though," *ate* "eight," and *bo* "beaux," the proper way of spelling potatoes is *poughteighteaux*.

An eminent artist is about getting up "a panorama of a lawsuit." It opens with the year one and closes with doomsday.

Lord North, who had a perfect antipathy to music, being asked why he did not subscribe to the Ancient Concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it that his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, did, "Ay," replied his lordship, "if I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too."

A physician said of a quack that "he was such an ignoramus that, if he could take a lantern and go down inside his patients, he couldn't find out what the matter was."

A young lady who has been practicing "Let me Kiss him for his Mother," says the more she tries it the better she likes it.

RICH MUSIC—A million-air.

"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as friendly as before.
"Zounds!" said the client, "I would fain know how
You can be friends, who were such foes just now?"
"Thou fool!" said one; "we lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between."

MUST BE POOR INDEED—He who can not even borrow trouble.

What is the difference between a soldier and a fashionable young lady?—One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

A "FREE AGENT"—One who goes off with his employer's money.

Husbands desiring to maintain peace and quietness in their domestic circle should be careful not to swap over-coats with single gentlemen who make their pockets repositories for tender epistles from a large circle of female acquaintances.

"Is your note good?" asked a merchant the other day of a person who offered a note for a lot of goods. "Well," replied the purchaser, "I should think it ought to be; every body's got one."

It doesn't take long for a wife to find her husband out.

A writer, in describing the last scene of "Othello," had this exquisite passage: "Upon which the Moor, seizing *a bolster full of rage and jealousy*, smothers her."

"Take off your bonnet, and spend the afternoon, my dear Mrs. Slow. We are going to have tableaux to-night, and I am sure you will enjoy them." "Law sakes, I thought I smelt something good a-cookin', and guess I will stop until after supper."

"Sonny, my son, what are you doing here with your feet dangling in the water?" "Trying to catch cold, ma, so that I may have some more of those cough-lozenges you gave me yesterday."

VISIONARY FRUIT—The apple of the eye.

If a man loses his breath, it is no use to run for it. He can catch it quicker by standing still.

The chairman of an Ohio vigilance committee, who was instructed to duck an obnoxious citizen, thus reported to his constituents: "We took the thief down to the river, made a hole in the ice, and proceeded to duck him; but he slipped through our hands and hid under the ice. All our efforts to entice him to come out failed, and he has now retained his point of advantage some hours."

An eminent Scottish divine met two of his own parishioners at the house of a lawyer whom he considered too sharp a practitioner. The lawyer ungraciously put the question, "Doctor, these are members of your flock; may I ask do you look upon them as white sheep or as black sheep?" "I don't know," answered the divine, dryly, "whether they are black or white sheep; but I know, if they are long here, they are pretty sure to be *fleeced*."

## THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD SYSTEM.

OF the many great commercial enterprises which render the present century memorable, perhaps none has been projected on a more comprehensive scale, or on firmer foundations, than the Northern Pacific Railroad system, a map of which is presented herewith. The powerful corporation engaged in prosecuting this great work embraces among its members many of our most sagacious, wealthy, and conservative capitalists—merchants, statesmen, manufacturers, and practical railroad men, both East and West—who have already invested several millions of their own funds in the enterprise, and placed its future beyond question by building a goodly portion of the main line, and purchasing tributary roads. Unlike too many undertakings of the present day, the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad is entered upon for its merits as a solid and permanent business enterprise, its projectors depending for their compensation upon the development of the business of their road, and of its superb land-endowment—not upon any premature profits which, under a different policy, might be realized from the process of construction.

The reader will observe that the Northern Pacific Railroad proper has two eastern termini—one at Duluth, the new city at the head of Lake Superior, where the road meets the commerce of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence; and another at St. Paul, where connection is made with the commerce of the Mississippi River, and with the railroad system of the Central and Eastern States concentrating at Chicago. The trunk line traverses Central Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Northern Idaho, and again branches, one arm reaching across Washington Territory to Puget Sound, where it gathers to itself the coast-wise and foreign commerce of the Pacific Ocean; the other arm following down the famous valley of the Columbia to Portland, in Oregon, where connection is also made with the sea and with the railroad system of the Pacific States. A shore line will also unite the two western termini.

From the point of junction of the two eastern arms in Western Minnesota a northern branch, already under construction, will extend to Pembina, on the British border, thus permanently securing the carrying trade of the prosperous settlements in the Winnipeg basin, and the fertile valleys of the Red, Assiniboine, and Saskatchewan rivers. That portion of the main line reaching from Lake Superior to the eastern border of Dakota is now approaching completion. This important section, added to the finished lines of the St. Paul and Pacific road, recently purchased by and consolidated with the Northern Pacific, gives the latter company nearly six hundred miles of road in the great State of Minnesota, already completed or under construction. In the coming spring work will begin at the western end and progress eastward. The close of the year 1873 will, in all probability, witness the completion of this great national improvement.

The principal advantages peculiar to the Northern Pacific route are these: 1. It reduces the distance between the lakes and the Pacific Ocean some 600 miles. 2. It lessens the distance between New York and the Pacific by water and rail to the same extent. 3. It lessens the distance between London and Chinese ports by the transcontinental route at least 1400 miles. 4. It traverses a belt of States and Territories admirably adapted by fertility of soil, mildness of temperature, and equal distribution of moisture, to profitable agriculture. 5. Its elevation in the mountain region is 3000 feet less than that of other lines, resulting in a diminished snow-fall, a mild climate, and far easier gradients. 6. At convenient intervals it intersects numerous navigable streams—such as the Columbia, the Cowlitz, the Yellowstone, the Missouri, the Red, and the Mississippi—which drain a vast region, and will serve as feeders to the road. 7. It will partake of the character of an international route, permanently controlling the carrying trade of British America, and rendering the important colonies north of the boundary, and west of Lake Superior, commercially tributary to our Northwestern States.

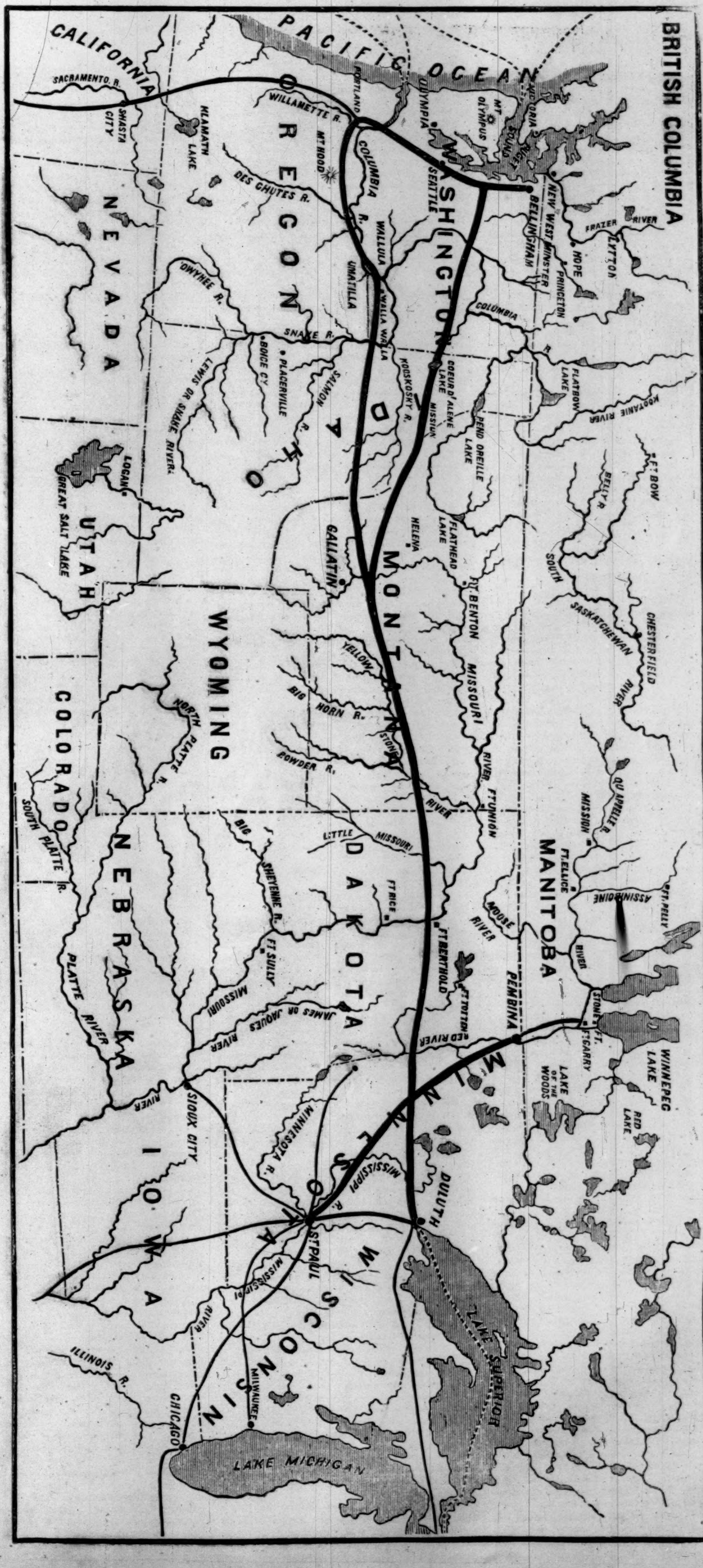
The public mind is rapidly being undeceived regarding the climate of the New Northwest. No part of the country adjacent to the Northern Pacific route is colder than Minnesota, and all know this to be the finest wheat-growing State in the Union. In Dakota the climate is very similar, and from Dakota westward it grows steadily milder, until, in Oregon and Washington, roses bloom out-of-doors in December, and snow is a comparative novelty.

Already settlers are rapidly crowding to the line of the Northern Pacific road, and, judging from what is known of the plans adopted for promoting the settlement and development, through immigration and colonization, of the belt of States and Territories tributary to the line, there would seem to be no doubt that the corporation upon which the government has conferred this great trust is determined to make the enterprise not only financially sound, but greatly and permanently beneficial to the whole country. With its munificent endowment of fertile lands, with the natural advantages this route undoubtedly enjoys, and with the far-sighted policy already inaugurated, a great commercial project could hardly start under better auspices or with greater assurance of success.

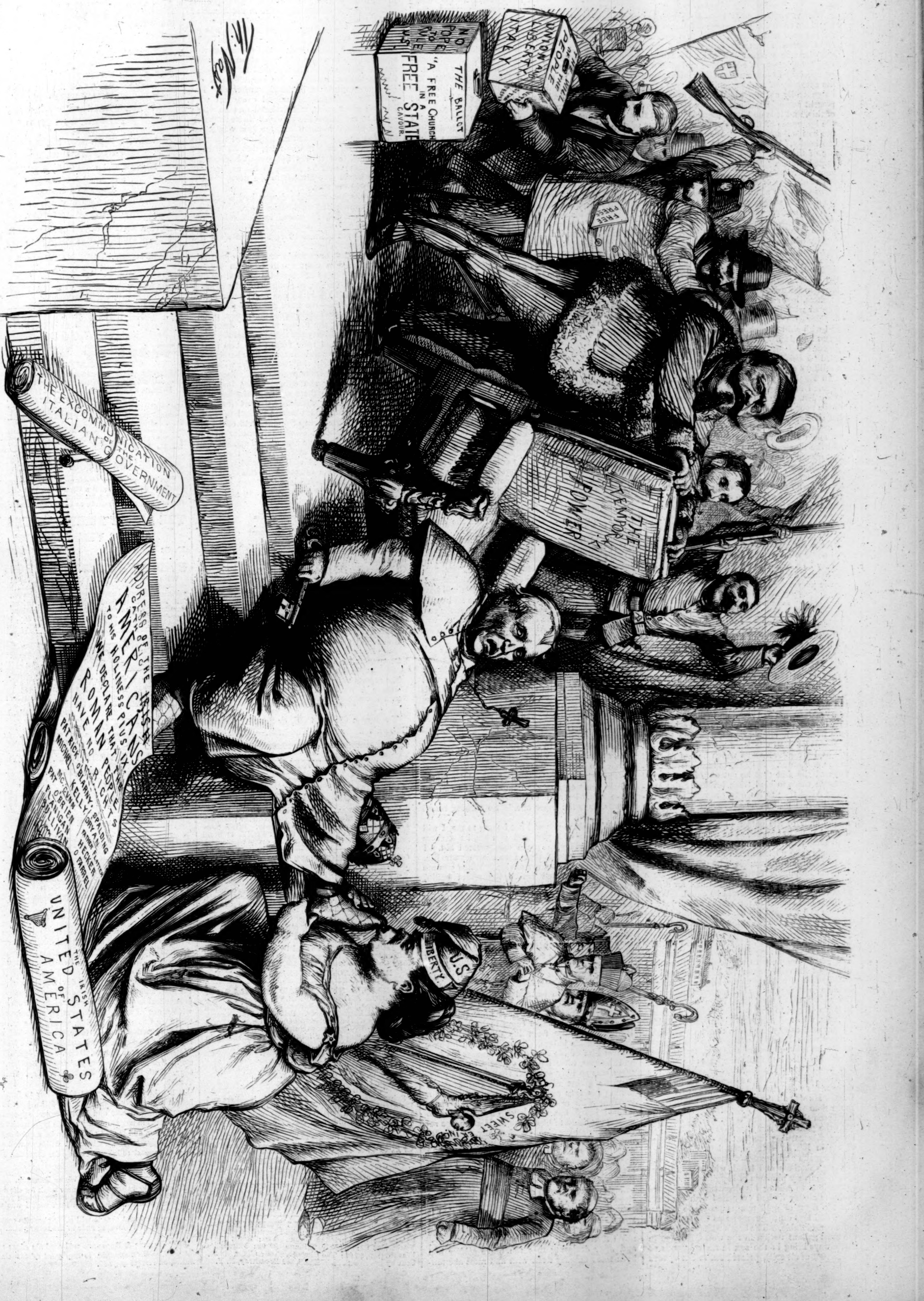
*Climate.*—The fact, above alluded to, of the mildness of the climate which prevails along the belt of country tributary to the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is abundantly established. Nowhere between Lake Superior and Puget Sound is the climate colder than in Minnesota; and this great State is not surpassed as a wheat-producing region, or in healthfulness of atmosphere. Dakota is very similar to Minnesota; and from Dakota westward the climate steadily modifies, until, in Oregon and Washington Territory, there is almost no winter at all aside from a rainy season, as in California. Throughout Dakota, Montana, and Northern Idaho cattle and horses range out all winter, and in the spring are fat and strong. Records kept by government officers at the various military stations on the upper waters of the Missouri show that the average annual temperature for a series of years has been warmer in Central Montana than at Chicago or Albany. This remarkable modification of climate, the existence of which no well-informed person now questions, is due to several natural causes, chief among which are these: First, the country lying between the 44th and the 50th parallels is lower by some 3000 feet than the belt lying immediately south. The highest point on the line of the Northern Pacific road is 3500 feet lower than the corresponding summit of the Union and Central line. Both the Rocky and the Cascade ranges, where they are crossed by the Northern Pacific route, are broken down to low elevations compared with their height 400 miles southward. This difference in altitude would account for much of the difference in climate, as four degrees of temperature are usually allowed for each 1000 feet of elevation. But, second, the warm winds from the South Pacific, which prevail in winter, and (aided by the warm ocean currents corresponding to our Atlantic Gulf Stream) produce the genial climate of our Pacific coast, pass over the low mountain ridges to the north of latitude 44°, and carry their softening effect far inland, giving to Eastern Washington the climate of Virginia, and to Montana the climate of Western New York.

The same cause—the depression of the mountain ranges toward the north—accounts for the abundant rain-fall in nearly all parts of this vast area. The southwest winds, saturated by the evaporation of the tropics, carry the rain-clouds eastward over the continental divide, and distribute their moisture over the "fertile belt" stretching from the mountains to the lakes. Farther south the mountains, with their greater altitude, act as a wall against the warm, moist, west winds; hence the colder winters and the aridity of portions of the region south of Montana and east of the mountains. That the climate of that new Northwest which is now to be opened to settlement, travel, and trade is such as to make it a congenial home for the migrating millions of Central and Northern Europe, and the crowded portions of our own land, there is no doubt.

MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.



SCHOOL OR JAIL?—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.—[See Page 62.]




AMERICA (?) SYMPATHIZES WITH THE POPE.—[SEE PAGE 58.]

## SCHOOL OR JAIL?

Which shall it be? It took many ages of Christian civilization to decide in favor of schools for the poor and outcast. The first step in the right direction was the formation of Sunday-schools, where street children were taught the simplest elements of education; and after a time—especially in Germany and the United States—the necessity of national enlightenment came to be generally acknowledged. The events of the present struggle in Europe are a striking proof of this, and it is no longer possible to doubt that the ignorance of the people means the waste of the national strength. "We can not declare it too loudly," says an eminent Frenchman, writing of the war, "that it is ignorance that has ruined France. Ignorance in diplomacy, which, knowing neither the history, nor the language, nor the tendencies of Germany, deceived the Emperor as to the attitude likely to be assumed by the different states. Ignorance in the generals, who had never studied either the organization of the Prussians, or their tactics, or their progress, or the lessons of the campaign of 1866, or the quality of their leaders. Ignorance in the officers, who, accustomed to fight against Arabs, have been constantly surprised, confounded, bewildered, in their own country. Ignorance in the soldiers, who, considering the German as a brute to be driven with the butt ends of their muskets, lost all their self-possession when confronted with men as brave as themselves, more familiar with the ground than their own captains, and with skill enough to make a far more intelligent and deadly use of an inferior weapon. Ignorance without bound or limit in a press which cried '*à Berlin*,' as if it were a mere question of a military promenade."

In England public attention is now strongly directed to the question of compulsory national education, as the only means of saving the mass of the poor from sinking into utter degradation; but the system there is yet far behind those of Prussia and the United States. Even in this country much remains to be done in this direction; and the illustration on page 60 conveys a moral that should go to the heart and conscience of every enlightened citizen. The idea of "wastefulness" embodied in the sketch will strike every one who gives it a moment's thought. It is as if one made macadam out of marble, or ballasted ships with gold. Flesh and blood are always costly and precious things, however used or misused; and if this heap of living creatures and of possible men be suffered to perish, beyond doubt a something worth preserving, which we can never wholly replace, will perish with them. It may be a thought of genius, or it may be only an honest deed. In either case the world will be the poorer for the loss.

## THE DEMON OF ALOST.

In the philosophy of the good old times, the devil could be at times both generous and just. Witness the story of the Demon of Alost. In the year 1232, a Brabançon soldier, Jean Spitaels by name, arrived in the said town on a gloomy November night, coming from Ninove. Spitaels was wounded, having on his way had to defend the person of a young widow of Ghent, whom some malefactors had set upon in the hopes of an easy booty on the highway. He rescued the fair lady from their clutches, and, although her expressions of gratitude were vehement, they did not heal some severe cuts which he had received in the encounter. Spitaels, indeed, privately attributed the fact that he got out of the unequal struggle more to his having invoked Saint Martin of Alost than to his own prowess, and, actuated by this feeling, he no sooner reached the town in question than he went to return thanks at the altar of the patron of brave men. This done, he said to himself, as he was well provided with money he would not go to a hospital, but he would take up his abode at a hostelry, kept by one Ghislain Mercx, close by the Béguinage. He was hospitably received, and sending for a surgeon, was ordered to keep his bed for a fortnight, before his wounds could be cured. When Spitaels had rushed to the rescue of the lady in trouble and exposed his life in her cause, he had merely followed the generous impulse of all good soldiers of Christ, to do unto others as they would be done by. But as he lay on his bed of sickness, the beauty of the young widow, and the kind and graceful manner in which she had thanked him, kept intruding upon his thoughts until he could think of nothing else. His mind, indeed, become so entirely absorbed in reminiscences of the widow, that he resolved, when he got well, to go to Ghent, to find out the object of his affections, who had said she lived near the belfry in that ancient city, and to ask her in marriage.

Now when Jean Spitaels took up his quarters at the hostelry of Ghislain Mercx, fearing that he might be led into foolish expenses by some of the brotherhood of arbalatriers or cross-bowmen of Alost, with whom he was acquainted, he handed over his well-furnished purse to the care of his host. He was all the more anxious not to spend more than was necessary for his recovery, as we have seen that his thoughts were solely occupied with the person of the young widow, and like all lovers, disregarding the possible disparity of condition in life, he entertained hopes, as he had saved her life and honor, of succeeding in gaining her affections and hand, which would raise him to the very pinnacle of happiness.

Previous to taking his departure he claimed back the money he had deposited with his host. But the sight of gold tempts people to bad actions, and that all the more so as the sum is the more considerable. The host's wife (the French, the most gallant nation in the world, strange to say, always bring in the sex in their legends as at the root of all evil), pointed out to her spouse that the money had been placed in his charge without the presence of witnesses, "and who," she said, "would put the simple asseverations of a soldier of fortune against that of a well-known and honest landlord?" The host was easily prevailed upon by his worse half to secrete the money in his strong-box, and thus, when Spitaels claimed it, he not only declared that he had never received it, but, as dishonesty is generally impudent, he taxed the unfortunate man with either madness or bad designs, and asked him "if he wished to take away his character?"

Jean Spitaels became furious at the turn which events had taken, but although he loudly declared the wrong done to him, the sycophants of the public house sided with Ghislain Mercx and his wife, and helped them to get rid of the soldier's importunities by turning him out of the house. Spitaels was not, however, the man to be thus robbed with impunity. He drew his sword, and threatened to break open the door, and obtain his money by force. The host and hostess, terrified at his threats, and knowing the determined spirit of the soldier, were obliged to send for the archers, who led him away to prison.

Spitaels was comparatively a stranger in Alost, while Ghislain Mercx was known as a housekeeper and publican of tolerably fair repute. So the feelings of the grand bailiff of Alost were prejudiced against what was not an uncommon incident in those days—the supposed audacious attempt at extortion of a free-lance. It was even privately discussed whether the best way of getting rid of him and his pretensions altogether would not be by putting him to death. As he had no friends, the majority of opinions were in favor of this summary mode of proceeding, and, but for an unforeseen incident, it might have fared badly with the unfortunate soldier.

There was at that epoch a demon in Alost, who had shown himself to several persons, and had hence been much talked about; but as he had not harmed any one, he was not very much dreaded. The morning of the day when Spitaels was to be taken before his prejudiced judges, the said demon made his appearance in his dungeon, and said to him:

"You are about to be condemned to death, which is an injustice, but that is the way in which men act. Nevertheless, if you will give yourself to me I will save your life."

"And who are you?" asked the soldier, after a momentary silence.

"Do not be afraid of me. I am the demon of Alost."

"The demon of Alost!" exclaimed Spitaels. "A demon! I give myself up to a demon! No, I would rather perish innocent than save my life by giving up my soul to a demon."

"But," persisted the tempter, "think that in two hours the opportunity of saving you will have gone by. You are young; you have still many years to live; I can get back your money for you. And what about the fair widow of Ghent? She is here; she is in Alost; and she wishes to see you and to save you."

The last words had, as the demon archly calculated, a great effect upon Spitaels. He paced his dungeon in extreme agitation. "She is here!" he exclaimed. "She wishes to see me! But no matter," he added, recovering from his momentary weakness, "I can not be yours. No, I will perish on the scaffold before I yield my soul to the tempter. But you have brought me good news. She is here, and for that good news I pardon you, demon of Alost. I shall see her, for she will come to the trial. If they condemn me, my last hope will be that I shall tell her I wished to be her husband."

The grief and resignation of the soldier touched the heart even of the demon. "If I can not have him," he said to himself, "I can, at all events, have the other one." So turning round he said:

"Well, since you will not belong to me, I will be generous with you, and you shall not curse me, for I will give you a disinterested aid. I even flatter myself that I can save your life. But you must follow my advice. When you are presently summoned before the grand bailiff, plead innocence, and ask (what can not be refused to you) that you may have for counsel a barrister whom you will see there in a blue cap. That will be myself."

The prisoner was delighted. The reader may, perchance, think that the supposed demon was only a young barrister sent by the widow of Ghent to sound the soldier's feelings, and to put his piety to trial, in order the better to ascertain his real worth, but he will be in the wrong. The demon of Alost was really what he proclaimed himself to be, and he did not calculate badly, as we shall see.

Barely an hour had elapsed after this interview before the archers came to lead forth the Brabançon soldier from his dungeon into the presence of his judges. The accusation brought against him of his intending to murder his host and hostess, after having unjustly calumniated them, was so ably set forth that every body felt that the gibbet was inevitable. But Spitaels, casting his eyes around him, soon made out a barrister with a cadaverous face and a spare pointed beard, but with eyes of fire, and who wore a skull-cap of blue velvet. His courage revived upon seeing his mysterious ally, and he demanded in a loud voice that the pale-faced counsel should be allowed to plead for him, as he said he was but a rude soldier, and little versed in the art of pleading. His request was granted, although a murmur ran through the court, for his counsel was not known as one of those who practiced at the bar of Alost.

This is not surprising, when we know that it was a demon who, strange to say, had ventured to assume the garb of a barrister-at-law. As the novel forensic member proceeded with his case, and after declaring that the brave soldier had been most unfairly dealt with and most abominably ill-treated, he proceeded to relate the true history of the money deposited in the hands of his host, with the addition of circumstances which the soldier himself had forgotten till he was reminded of them, and he further declared that he could bring witnesses who would prove that Spitaels had the very sum of money about him when he left Ninove which he declared he had lost, a feeling began to pervade the assembly that the Brabançon might be in the right after all. But when his distinguished counsel came out with his last great point, and declared that he would reveal to the judges the very spot where the money was at that moment hid, the host was so astounded and perplexed that he jumped upon his feet, asserting that it was false, that he had not the money, that it was not secreted where he said it was; and he swore, in his excitement, that he would give himself to the devil, if what he said was not true.

This was just what the demon had hoped for, and had anticipated would take place.

"I do not ask for more," he said, taking off his velvet cap and displaying two little horns, while his eyes seemed to cast flames upon the terrified host.

The crowd at once made way for the mysterious pleader, who went up to Ghislain Mercx, seized upon him as his lawful prey, and carried him away so far (or, according to others, lifted him up so high) that he was never more heard of. The hostess—the most guilty of the two—fell upon her knees and prayed for mercy, promising to send for the money at once. Jean Spitaels was set at liberty the moment that the money he claimed had been restored to him in the presence of the whole court, and his character as an honest man fairly vindicated. The widow of Ghent was among those present, and going up to her gallant savior she congratulated him, and said she had come there solely in the hopes of saving him. They accordingly went forth together to Ghent, and Count Fernand of Flanders, to whom Baldwin of Guines had ceded the county, having heard of the adventures of the Brabançon soldier, gave him a good appointment in his court, and his marriage with the young widow was celebrated with a general rejoicing, which, in the naïve language of the chronicle, shows that it is inconvenient to thieve, indecent to tell stories, and very imprudent to give one's self to the Prince of Darkness.

Drunkard, Stop! — The most confirmed cases of Intemperance cured by Dr. Beers, by a very simple remedy; it never fails. Send for a circular and convince yourself. Address C. C. Beers, M.D., Box 5110, New York.—[*Com.*]

REWARDS.

We will give the following rewards for reports of the Best Results in Work or Earnings with a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine:

Best report for a series of years:
Reward, a No. 1 Wheeler & Wilson Machine.

Best report for a single year:
Reward, a No. 2 Wheeler & Wilson Machine.

The reports to be made to us before Feb. 1, 1871.—Wheeler & Wilson M'f'g Co., No. 625 Broadway, New York.

To cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use Brown's Bronchial Troches.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Pimples on the Face.**

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It is invaluable. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by Druggists every where.

THE "BEECHERS OF TO-DAY:" Who and What they are; with portraits of Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Stowe, Catharine E., Edward, and Thomas K. Beecher, given in Jan. No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, New Vol. $3 a year; with either of Harper's, $5 00. 30 cts. a Number. Newsmen have it.
S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

**$10 made from 50c.!**

Something urgently needed by every body. Call and examine, or 12 Samples sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents that retail easily for Ten Dollars.
R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.

BOOSEY'S STANDARD OPERAS for VOICE AND PIANO-FORTE. Edited by Arthur Sullivan. The complete series, unabridged, with Italian and English words. Price One Dollar each. The Operas will be printed from new type on the finest paper, large 8vo, in volumes containing 200 to 270 pages each. They will appear fortnightly, commencing in the following order:
Nov. 1. DON JUAN (now ready).
" 15. FIDELIO (now ready).
Dec. 1. IL BARBIERE.
" 15. LA SONNAMBULA.
Jan. 1. MARTHA.
" 15. IL TROVATORE.
Subscribers' names received by all Music-sellers and Booksellers, or by the Publishers, BOOSEY & CO., 4 Bond St., and W. A. POND & CO., 547 Broadway, N.Y.
Copies mailed direct on receipt of price and postage, $1 12.

**GROUPS OF STATUARY**
**By JOHN ROGERS,**
Comprising over Twenty different Designs, from $10 to $25 each.
These will be delivered at any railroad station in the United States, *free of expense*, on receipt of the price. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to JOHN ROGERS, 212 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE WORTH OF $25 FOR $12 50.—Either of Harper's, $4 00; the Phrenological Journal, $3 00; the Christian Union, $3 00; Rural New-Yorker, $3 00; Weekly Tribune, $2 00; Marshall's Washington, $5 00; The Chromo, $5 00; all for $12 50. Sent by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

**A. T. STEWART & CO.**
will continue to offer,
AT A GREAT SACRIFICE,
the balance of
THE GOODS COMPRISED IN THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF THEIR RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT,
Among which will be found some
ELEGANT NOVELTIES
in
VELVET, SILK, AND POPLIN SUITS,
ORGANDIE DRESSES,
MISSES' and CHILDREN'S DRESSES,
a Beautiful Assortment of
BONNETS, HATS,
and a general variety of
MILLINERY ARTICLES.
VELVET AND CLOTH CLOAKS, SACKS, POLONAISES, BREAKFAST JACKETS,
SABLE, MINK, BLACK MARTIN, and ERMINE FURS, &c.
BROADWAY, FOURTH AVENUE, NINTH AND TENTH STREETS.

*$95,000!*
**What $5 Will Do!**
SHARES SELLING RAPIDLY.
**Homes and Fortunes for some one, and Premiums given at once.**
HOMESTEADS—FARMS—VILLA SITES.
**$95,000 in PRIZES**
To be distributed among Shareholders. Address, for particulars, Office GREAT PREMIUM LAND SALE, 177 Broadway, N. Y.

**GETTING UP CLUBS.**
**Great Saving to Consumers.**
Parties inquire how to get up clubs. Our answer is, send for Price-List, and a Club form will accompany it, with full directions, making a large saving to consumers and remunerative to Club organizers.
**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,**
**31 & 33 VESEY STREET,**
**P. O. Box 5643. NEW YORK.**

**EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.**
With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen-books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

**LAMB KNITTING MACHINE**
THE ONLY FAMILY KNITTER MADE THAT FILLS THE BILL.
Send for circulars and samples to LAMB KNITTING MACHINE MANUFACTURING CO., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

AIR PISTOLS.—(Leon's Patent). Excellent for killing small game. By mail, 50 cts. Address WINSLOW & CO., Box 453, Chicago, Ill.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
*Have just published:*
**Light at Evening Time:**
A BOOK OF
**Support and Comfort for the Aged.**
EDITED BY
JOHN STANFORD HOLME, D.D.
*Elegantly Printed on Toned Paper from Large Type.*
4to, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 50.

This work is made up of brief extracts from the writings of about two hundred authors, together with original articles from Dr. John Hall, Chancellor Crosby, Dr. William Adams, Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., and others, and is especially designed to furnish religious reading and devotional exercises for the aged and afflicted. The selections are eminently evangelical in spirit, and have been made from a very wide range of authors, representing all ranks of the Christian Church—embracing, among others, Augustine, Chrysostom, Flavel, Howe, Baxter, Sibbes, Jeremy Taylor, Rutherford, Barrow, Leighton, the Wesleys, Watson, Bunyan, Brooks, Bates, Beveridge, Bickersteth, Spurgeon, Punshon, Robertson, Beecher, Parsons, Guthrie, Arnot, Ruskin, Stanley, Ramsay, Trench, Williams.

It has been the design of the editor to furnish a bright and cheery volume for old folks, both in the spirit of its contents and in its general appearance. It is printed in large and very legible type, upon heavy toned paper, and is well adapted to be a gift-book for the Holidays for those advanced in life, as well as to furnish general religious reading for Christian families.

*From the* Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.
I have looked through your new book for the aged, "Light at Evening Time," and congratulate you on the successful execution of an idea which was very excellent.
I have no doubt that it will carry cheer to many a soul that is now walking near to the setting sun.

Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $2 50.*

# Valuable New Books,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

*LIGHT AT EVENING TIME:* a Book of Support and Comfort for the Aged. Edited by John Stanford Holme, D.D. Printed from large type on toned paper, 4to, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 50.

*BEECHER'S MORNING AND EVENING EXERCISES.* Morning and Evening Devotional Exercises: selected from the Published and Unpublished Writings of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Edited by Lyman Abbott, Author of "Jesus of Nazareth," "Old Testament Shadows," &c. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

*SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.* Edited, with Notes, by W. J. Rolfe, formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Engravings. 16mo, Cloth. (*Just Ready.*)

*ABBOTT'S LOUIS XIV.* History of Louis XIV. By John S. C. Abbott, Author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," "The French Revolution," &c. With Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 20. (*Uniform with Abbotts' Illustrated Histories.*)

*HARPER'S MAGAZINE for FEBRUARY,* 1871.

*AN INDEX to HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,* Alphabetical, Analytical, Topical. Volumes I. to XL.: from June, 1850, to May, 1870. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

*ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG NATURALIST.* By Lucien Biart. Edited and adapted by Parker Gillmore. With 117 Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

*PUSS-CAT MEW,* and other New Fairy Stories for my Children. By E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

*DU CHAILLU'S APINGI KINGDOM.* My Apingi Kingdom: with Life in the Great Sahara, and Sketches of the Chase of the Ostrich, Hyena, &c. By Paul Du Chaillu. With numerous Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

*DU CHAILLU'S BOOKS OF ADVENTURE FOR BOYS:* The Gorilla Country.—Wild Life.—Lost in the Jungle.—My Apingi Kingdom. 4 vols., *uniformly bound, in box,* $7 00.

*THE UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE AND TARIFF LAW* (passed July 13, 1870), together with the Act imposing Taxes on Distilled Spirits and Tobacco, and for other purposes (approved July 20, 1868), and such other Acts or Parts of Acts relating to Internal Revenue as are now in effect; with Tables of Taxes, a copious Analytical Index, and full Sectional Notes. Compiled by Horace E. Dresser. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

*ROBERTSON'S LIFE, LETTERS, &c.* Life, Letters, Lectures on Corinthians, and Addresses of Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847–1853. With Portrait on Steel. Complete in One Volume. 840 pages, large 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; Half Calf, $3 25.

*ROBERTSON'S SERMONS.* Sermons preached at Brighton by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, the Incumbent of Trinity Chapel. New Edition. With Portrait on Steel. Complete in One Volume. 838 pages, large 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; Half Calf, $3 25.

*SKETCHES OF CREATION:* a Popular View of some of the Grand Conclusions of the Sciences in reference to the History of Matter and of Life: together with a Statement of the Intimations of Science respecting the Primordial Condition and the Ultimate Destiny of the Earth and the Solar System. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D., Professor of Geology, Zoology, and Botany in the University of Michigan, Author of "A Geological Chart," and Director of the State Geological Survey. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

*THE ROB ROY ON THE JORDAN,* Nile, Red Sea, and Gennesareth, &c. A Canoe Cruise in Palestine and Egypt, and the Waters of Damascus. By J. Macgregor, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

*ON THE TRAIL OF THE WAR.* By Alexander Innes Shand, Occasional Correspondent of "The London Times." With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.

# Fresh Novels,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

*A SIREN.* By T. Adolphus Trollope, Author of "Lindisfarn Chase," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

*THE WARDEN and BARCHESTER TOWERS.* In One Volume. By Anthony Trollope, Author of "The Vicar of Bullhampton," "Phineas Finn," "He Knew He was Right," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

*FROM THISTLES—GRAPES?* By Mrs. Eiloart, Author of "The Curate's Discipline," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

*IN DUTY BOUND.* By the Author of "Mark Warren," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

*WHICH IS THE HEROINE?* By Nina Cole. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

*THE VIVIAN ROMANCE.* By Mortimer Collins. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

*ESTELLE RUSSELL.* By the Author of "The Private Life of Galileo." 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

*THE HEIR EXPECTANT.* By the Author of "Raymond's Heroine," "Kathleen," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

*TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.* By the Author of "Tom Brown's School Days." New Edition. With Illustrations by Sydney P. Hall. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents. (*Uniform with "Tom Brown's School Days."*)

☞ *"Tom Brown's School Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford," Complete in One Volume, 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.*

*THE NEW TIMOTHY.* By Wm. M. Baker, Author of "Inside: a Chronicle of Secession," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

*RECOLLECTIONS OF ETON.* By an Etonian. With Illustrations by Sydney P. Hall. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

*VERONICA.* By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Mabel's Progress," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

# LEA & PERRINS'

WORCESTERSHIRE

# SAUCE.

PRONOUNCED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE THE ONLY GOOD Sauce, and applicable to EVERY VARIETY OF DISH.

*Extract of a letter from a Medical Gentleman at Madras to his Brother at Worcester, May, 1851:*

"Tell Lea & Perrins that their Sauce is highly esteemed in India, and, in my opinion, the most wholesome Sauce that is made."

At the Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner, and Supper Table, it imparts the most exquisite relish and zest to Soups, Fish, Hot or Cold Joints, Fowl, Game, &c.

The universal demand and excellence has led to many imitations of LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
1 Union Square and 30 South William Street,
*Special Agents for the United States.*

# Cut Paper Patterns

OF SUITS IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

Arrangements have been made to furnish CUT PAPER PATTERNS of the beautiful Paris Costumes which it is intended shall appear frequently in Harper's Bazar. These Patterns are Graded to Fit any Figure, from 30 to 46 inches *Bust Measure,* and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy,* the names and directions for putting together being printed on each separate piece of the pattern, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced.

The following patterns are now ready:

*Vol. III.*

| | |
|---|---|
| WATTEAU-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT | No. 22 |
| TRAINED CARRIAGE SUIT | " 24 |
| POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT | " 26 |
| SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT | " 28 |
| TRAINED HOUSE DRESS | " 30 |
| POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT | " 32 |
| PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT | " 34 |
| TRAINED EVENING DRESS | " 38 |
| TRAINED STREET SUIT | " 40 |
| BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT | " 42 |
| POLONAISE WALKING SUIT | " 44 |
| HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT | " 46 |
| VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT | " 48 |
| DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT | " 49 |
| HALF-FITTING CLOAK WALKING SUIT | " 50 |
| *Vol. IV.* | |
| WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS | " 1 |

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS and BUST MEASURE. *The same Patterns cost sixty cents in gold in Paris.* The whole set of Nine Sizes will be sent for $2.00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50c. to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address
E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.

American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

VENTRILOQUIST'S GUIDE.—The *only* reliable work ever published. It is new, and tells the whole secret. The art can be learned by any one in a few days. This work is by an old ventriloquist, who, after 40 years' experience, "tells just how 'tis done." How to imitate all animals, birds and beasts, bees, frogs, &c., &c.—a wonderful book—the largest on the subject. Price only 25 cts. Sent prepaid any where by Hunter & Co., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H.

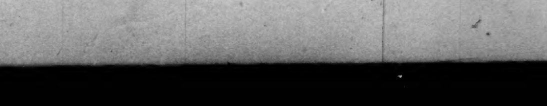
DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.
Cheapest and Best Portable Presses.
MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.
Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16; Offices, $15, $20, $30. Send for a circular to LOWE PRESS CO., 15 Spring Lane, Boston, Mass.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.
Send two three-cent stamps to PROCTOR BROS., Gloucester, Mass., for "TREATISE ON THE HUMAN HAIR," worth $500 00 to any person wishing to keep their hair from falling off, or from fading or turning gray. A Wonderful Treatise—send for it.

$250 a Month, with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples, free. Address S. M. Spencer, Brattleboro, Vt.

$10 A DAY.—Business entirely new. Circulars free. Address J. C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me.

THE BEST PENS
Ever yet made. Only $1 50 a gross. Two dozen samples sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents. Address the Washington Medallion Pen Co., N. Y.




AMERICAN FAMILY
KNITTING MACHINE CO.
Boston, Mass., and St. Louis, Mo.
*PRICE, $25.00*

The accompanying cut represents the *American Knitting Machine.* This Machine is so simple in its construction and operation that any person of ordinary capacity can easily understand and successfully work it. It will do a GREATER VARIETY AND AS PERFECT WORK as any machine ever offered to the public.

While the great object of the Machine is to take the place of the slow process of knitting Stockings by hand, it can also be used in KNITTING THE FINEST WORSTEDS OR YARNS into numerous useful and fancy articles. It is highly recommended by premiums taken over other Machines at different State and County Fairs, as well as by great numbers of recommendations from those who have bought and used it.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

*Address* American Knitting Machine Co.
*Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.*

A GREAT OFFER!!

HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, at *Extremely Low Prices, for Cash,* during this month, or will take from $4 to $20 monthly until paid.

THEA-NECTAR
IS A PURE
BLACK TEA
WITH THE
Green Tea Flavor.
WARRANTED
TO SUIT ALL TASTES.

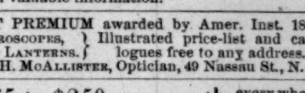
BEECHER'S
# Morning and Evening Exercises.

Morning and Evening Devotional Exercises: selected from the Published and Unpublished Writings of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Edited by Lyman Abbott, Author of "Jesus of Nazareth," "Old Testament Shadows," &c. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

"The selection is made entirely from Mr. Beecher's writings, and is published with his approval. No man has done so much to change the religious experience of the age from an atmosphere of awe to that of love, and no one is so fit at once to speak to the heart of the present day, and to interpret it. The selections cover a wide scope, as does their author by the universality of his sympathies, and his peculiar combination of temperaments; and there is scarcely any experience which will not find in this book of devotional exercises something of comfort, of strength, or of inspiration."

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $2 00.*



Soldiers sending a Stamped Envelope with their full address to Box 3696, New York City, will receive in return valuable information.

FIRST PREMIUM awarded by Amer. Inst. 1870.
Microscopes, Magic Lanterns. } Illustrated price-list and catalogues free to any address.
T. H. McAllister, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

Wanted—Agents

$75 to $250 per month, every where, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid, and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $15. Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth can not be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $250 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., *Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.;* or *Chicago, Ill.*

WANTED,
AGENTS TO SELL BOOKS BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The subscriber is introducing to the public, through his Agents, some of the most valuable books, and therefore the most desirable, that have ever been published. The field being large and the demand great, more Agents having the qualifications of intelligence, energy, and perseverance are required. Agents possessing such qualities can realize very liberal salaries from the percentage the subscriber is paying. Persons *desiring* to engage in this business may address
AVERY BILL, Care Harper & Brothers,
331 Pearl St., New York.

MONEY Easily made with our Stencil and Key-Check Outfit. Circulars Free. Stafford M'f'g Co., 66 Fulton St., New York.

$75 PER WEEK easily made by Agents. Address Sage Man'f'g Co., Cromwell, Conn.

$300 A month and expenses to good canvassers. Samples free. C. M. Linington, Chicago.

# HARPER'S PERIODICALS

FOR 1871.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The great design of *Harper's* is to give correct information and rational amusement to the great masses of the people. There is no monthly Magazine an intelligent reading family can less afford to be without. Many Magazines are accumulated. *Harper's* is edited. There is not a Magazine that is printed which shows more intelligent pains expended on its articles and mechanical execution. There is not a cheaper Magazine published. There is not, confessedly, a more popular Magazine in the world.—*New England Homestead.*

At once the most popular and, in its scheme, the most original of our Magazines. * * * All the periodicals which the Harpers publish are almost ideally well edited.—*Nation.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

The best publication of its class in America, and so far ahead of all other weekly journals as not to permit of any comparison between it and any of their number. Its columns contain the finest collections of reading-matter that are printed. * * * Its illustrations are numerous and beautiful, being furnished by the chief artists of the country.—*Boston Traveler.*

*Harper's Weekly* is the best and most interesting illustrated newspaper. Nor does its value depend on its illustrations alone. Its reading-matter is of a high order of literary merit—varied, instructive, entertaining, and unexceptionable.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HARPER'S BAZAR.

Free from all political and sectarian discussion, devoted to fashion, pleasure, and instruction, it is just the agreeable, companionable, and interesting domestic paper which every mother and wife and sweetheart will require every son, husband, and lover to bring home with them every Saturday evening.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

By all means buy *Harper's Bazar.* Not for yourself, but for your wife or daughter or sister or sweetheart. There never was any paper published that so delighted the heart of woman. Never mind if it does cost you a new bonnet; it will save you ten times the price in the household economy it teaches.—*Providence Journal.*

TERMS FOR 1871.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Harper's Magazine, | One Year | $4 00 |
| Harper's Weekly, | One Year | 4 00 |
| Harper's Bazar, | One Year | 4 00 |

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

*An Extra Copy of either the* Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the Magazine 24 cents a year, for the Weekly or Bazar 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Periodicals.

*Harper's Magazine.*—Whole Page, $500; Half Page, $250; Quarter Page, $150—each insertion.

*Harper's Weekly.*—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

*Harper's Bazar.*—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

RENEW NOW.—THE PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, $3, and either of Harper's, $4, sent a year for $5 50, by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

$1500 A YEAR.
WANTED AGENTS to sell the Universal Sewing Machine, size 12 in. long by 8 in height, of great capacity and durability; works on a new principle. Price, complete, $15 00; sent C. O. D. Address Universal S. M. Co., 58 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

$5 TO $10 PER DAY. MEN, WOMEN, BOYS and GIRLS who engage in our new business make from $5 to $10 per day in their own localities. Full particulars and instructions sent free by mail. Those in need of permanent, profitable work, should address at once. George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

$25 A WEEK.—Local and traveling salesmen wanted. Business light and honorable. No "Gift Enterprise," "Cheap Jewelry," or "Bogus Money" swindle. Address, inclosing stamp, R. H. WALKER, 34 Park Row, New York.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 327 Pearl St., N. Y., furnish Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar.*

"HI! STOP THE CAR! WHOA!"

*(A Warning to those who sit on the Railings of Car Platforms.)*

# RAILROAD BONDS

**WHETHER YOU WISH TO BUY OR SELL, WRITE TO**

**CHARLES W. HASSLER, 24 Broad St., New York.**

---

No. 20 WALL STREET, NEW YORK,
*January 2d, 1871.*

In connection with the House of

**Jay Cooke, McCulloch, & Co.,**

**No. 41 Lombard St., London,**

We are prepared to purchase and sell

**STERLING EXCHANGE;**

To issue

COMMERCIAL CREDITS and CIRCULAR LETTERS FOR TRAVELERS,

*available in all parts of the world;*

**TO EXECUTE ORDERS IN SECURITIES;**

To make

**CABLE TRANSFERS OF MONEY;**

and to transact any business pertaining to an

*American Banking House in London.*

JAY COOKE & CO.

---

## BALL, BLACK, & CO.,

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,

**No. 565 BROADWAY.**

WE OFFER A FULL LINE OF

## Waltham Watches,

IN NEW STYLE CASES, SPECIALLY SELECTED FOR OUR HOLIDAY TRADE.

---

F. SCHLEIFER & CO.'S

**PURE CALIFORNIA BRANDY.**

I have great satisfaction in being able to recommend this Brandy to my medical brethren as a **Pure Wine Brandy,** free from all adulterations and substitutions of other spirits or flavorings.—CHARLES T. JACKSON, State Assayer for Massachusetts.

F. SCHLEIFER & CO., San Francisco.

**HENRY G. SCHMIDT & CO., 38 Beaver Street, New York, Sole Eastern Agents.**

---

## Musical Boxes

Just received, a splendid assortment of

**Beautiful Swiss Music Boxes,**

Including every style,
At prices to suit the resources of all.

**FANCY SURPRISE MUSICAL BOXES,**

In various styles, at the Musical Box Headquarters,

**M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,**
**No. 680 Broadway.**

---

**BOYS' ADVERTISER,** an amateur paper, edited by a boy of seventeen. Liberal! Republican! Progressive! THIRTY CENTS A YEAR. Address ADVERTISER, Birmingham, Conn.

---

**GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.**

## Organs & Melodeons.

The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.

**46,000**

Now in use.

No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.

☞ Send for Price-Lists.

Address **BUFFALO, N.Y., Or CHICAGO, ILL.**

---

**BLEES'**

Noiseless, Link-Motion, Lock-Stitch

**SEWING MACHINE**

Challenges the world in perfection of work, strength and beauty of stitch, durability of construction, and rapidity of motion.

Call and examine; and, for agencies and circulars, apply at

623 BROADWAY,
New York.

---

ONE THOUSAND AGENTS WANTED

TO SELL THE

## Lozo Pendulum Board.

See illustrated page in HARPER'S WEEKLY, Dec. 24, 1870.

Address **C. H. JOSLIN, 704 Broadway, N.Y.**

---

THE UNIVERSAL *Twine and Thread Cutter* is a convenient and neat little device, which may be attached to the coat, vest, and lady's dress or work-box. Indispensable to Clerks and Seamstresses. Samples mailed on receipt of 25c. If not satisfactory, money and postage will be returned. Address GEO. BETTS, Sole Ag't, 581 Broadway, N.Y.; or T. B. DOOLITTLE & Co., M'f'rs, Bridgeport, Conn. First Premium awarded by the Amer. Inst., 1870.

---

THE UNIVERSAL TWINE AND THREAD CUTTER, having been manufactured and put upon the market under our own supervision, we now offer the business for sale, together with two patents securing the whole of the United States to the purchaser. For terms, &c., address T. B. DOOLITTLE & CO., Bridgeport, Conn., Dealers in Patents of Positive Merit.

P. S.—The advantage of the Twine Cutter as a selling article will be readily seen from the fact of its being worn like a badge on the garment. We consider it the best thing that has come to our notice.

---

**POLLAK & SON,**
Manufacturers of
Genuine MEERSCHAUM GOODS.
Ambers, Repairing and Boiling.
Retail Store, **27 John St., middle of the block.**
Send for Circular.

---

STAMMERING cured by Bates' Appliances. For description, address Simpson & Co., Box 5076, N.Y.

---

**Captain Carleton's Great Indian Story,**

## OLD CALIFORNIA JOE,

**THE GREAT AMERICAN SHARPSHOOTER,**

Will be commenced in No. 171 of THE FIRESIDE COMPANION, out Jan. 23. This is undoubtedly the greatest Ind' an story that has ever been written. The subject of i, California Joe, is known all over the country as the greatest .iving scout, the crack shot of the celebrated Berdan Sharpshooters, and once the boon companion of Kit Carson. He performed more wonderful feats of valor among the Indians than any other living man. Be sure and read the opening chapters. THE FIRESIDE COMPANION is for sale by all Newsdealers. The Subscription price is, One copy, one year, Three Dollars; Four copies, Ten Dollars; Nine copies, Twenty Dollars.

**GEORGE MUNRO, Publisher,**
**84 Beekman St., New York.**

---

## BISHOP & REIN,

JEWELERS,

Under the Fifth Avenue Hotel,

NEW YORK.

---

**WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES.**

150 Designs and Plans.
$1 50..................Postpaid.
GEO. E. WOODWARD,
Publisher, 191 Broadway, N.Y.
*New-Priced Catalogue of all books on Architecture, Agriculture, and Field Sports, mailed free.*

---

## BEAL & HOOPER,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

**CELEBRATED NONPAREIL BLACK-WALNUT**

**CHAMBER SETS,**

AND

**FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE**

of every description.

SALESROOMS AND OFFICE,

**Haymarket Square, Boston, Mass.**

Illustrated Catalogues sent to purchasers by mail when desired.

---

THE IMPROVED

## WILSON

SHUTTLE

**SEWING MACHINE**

for **simplicity, durability & beauty** *stands unrivaled!* For stitching, hemming, tucking, felling, quilting, cording, binding, braiding, gathering, gathering and sewing on gathers, *it is unexcelled!*

☞ **AGENTS WANTED** in every County in the United States where we have not one already employed. For particulars address Wilson Sewing Machine Co., Cleveland, O.; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

---

---

***THE REASONS WHY***

DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER is preferred to any other Baking Powder in market, are owing to its perfect purity, quality, quantity, and economy. The ingredients are strictly free from deleterious substances, and hence the full strength of each are obtained, and the results are uniform every time it is used. This can not be the case in those of ordinary manufacture, and for proof of our assertion we simply ask those who have never used DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER to give it a trial. Your Grocer keeps it. DOOLEY & BROTHER, Manufacturers, 69 New St., New York.

---

**THE NEW EMPIRE SEWING MACHINES**

Prove a perfect success! The Company stands prepared to meet all demands on most desirable terms. Apply for Circulars, Samples, &c., to EMPIRE S. M. CO., 294 Bowery, N.Y.

---

LADIES and gentlemen wishing a GENUINE METCALF STENCIL, for marking clothing in an elegant manner, can be supplied hereafter direct by mail. For styles and prices, address L. S. METCALF, 117 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

---

WANTED—AGENTS (**$20 per day**), to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock stitch*" (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK, & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

---

THOSE who are sick, or afflicted with any chronic difficulty, should without delay write for Dr. Hamilton's New Treatise; sent free to any address. R. Leonidas Hamilton, M.D., P. O. Box 4952, N.Y. City.

---

**WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE** contains in every number one complete prize story worth $100. Forty pages of other Matter. Yearly, $1. Sold by Newsdealers at 10 cts. per copy. Splendid Premiums. Specimen copy free. Address S. S. WOOD, Newburgh, N.Y.

---

**AGENTS WANTED** ($225 A MONTH) by the **AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO.** BOSTON, Mass., or ST. LOUIS, Mo.

---

***FINANCIAL.***

# New 7-30 Gold Loan

OF THE

## NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

**Secured by First Mortgage on Railroad and Land Grant.**

**SAFE! PROFITABLE! PERMANENT!**

We offer for sale at par and accrued interest the FIRST-MORTGAGE LAND-GRANT GOLD BONDS of the NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY. They are free from United States Tax, and are issued of the following denominations: Coupons $100, $500, and $1,000; Registered $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000.

With the same entire confidence with which we commended Government bonds to Capitalists and People we now, after the fullest investigation, recommend these Northern Pacific Railroad bonds to our friends and the general public.

**GOLD PAYMENT.**—Both principal and interest are payable in American gold coin, at the office of Jay Cooke & Co., New York City—the principal at the end of 30 years, and the interest (at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum) half yearly, first of January and July.

**PERFECT SAFETY.**—The bonds we are now selling are secured by a first and only mortgage on all the property and rights of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, which will embrace, on the completion of the work:

1. Over Two Thousand Miles of Road, with rolling stock, buildings, and all other equipments.
2. Over Twenty-two Thousand Acres of Land to every mile of finished road. This land, agricultural, timbered, and mineral, amounting in all to more than Fifty Million Acres, consists of alternate sections reaching twenty to forty miles on each side of the track, and extending in a broad, fertile belt from Wisconsin, through the richest portions of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, to Puget Sound.

While the Government does not directly guarantee the bonds of the Road, it thus amply provides for their full and prompt payment by an unreserved grant of land, the most valuable ever conferred upon a great national improvement.

**THE MORTGAGE.**—The Trustees under the Mortgage are Messrs. Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, and J. Edgar Thomson, President of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company. They will directly and permanently represent the interests of the First-Mortgage bondholders, and are required to see that the *proceeds of land sales* are used in *purchasing and canceling the bonds of the Company*, if they can be bought before maturity at not more than 10 per cent. premium; otherwise, the Trustees are to invest the proceeds of land sales in United States Bonds or Real Estate Mortgages for the further security of Northern Pacific bondholders. Also, that they have at all times in their control, as security, at least 500 acres of average land to every $1,000 of outstanding first-mortgage bonds, besides the railroad itself and all its equipments and franchises.

**PROFITABLENESS.**—Of course nothing can be safer than the bonds of the United States; but as the Government is no longer a borrower, and as the Nation's present work is not that of preserving its existence, but that of DEVELOPING A CONTINENT, we remind those who desire to increase their income and obtain a more permanent investment, while still having a perfectly reliable security, that

United States 5-20's, at their average premium, yield the present purchaser less than 5½ per cent. gold interest. Should they be redeemed in five years, and specie payments be resumed, they would really pay only 4⅝ per cent., or if in three years, only 3⅛ per cent., as the present premium would meanwhile be sunk.

Northern Pacific 7-30's, selling at par in currency, yield the investor 7 3-10 per cent. gold interest absolutely for thirty years, *free from United States tax.* $1,100 currency invested now in United States 5-20's will yield per year in gold, say $62 00. $1,100 currency invested now in Northern Pacific 7-30's will yield per year in gold $80 30. Here is a difference *in annual income* of nearly *one-third*, besides a difference of 7 to 10 per cent. in principal when both classes of bonds are redeemed.

**THE ROAD NOW BUILDING.**—Work was begun in July last on the eastern portion of the line, and the money provided, by the sale to stockholders of some six millions of the Company's bonds, to build and equip the road from Lake Superior, across Minnesota, to the Red River of the North—233 miles. The grading on this division is now well advanced, the iron is being rapidly laid, several thousand men are at work on the line, and about the first of August next this important section of the road will be in full operation. In the mean time orders have been sent to the Pacific coast for the commencement of the work on the western end in early spring, and thereafter the work will be pushed, both eastward and westward, with as much speed as may be consistent with solidity and a wise economy.

**RECEIVABLE FOR LANDS.**—These bonds will be at all times receivable, at 1.10, in payment for the Company's lands, at their lowest cash price.

**BONDS EXCHANGEABLE.**—The registered bonds can be exchanged at any time for coupons, the coupons for registered, and both these can be exchanged for others, payable, principal and interest, at any of the principal financial centres of Europe, in the coin of the various European countries.

**HOW TO GET THEM.**—Your nearest Bank or Banker will supply these bonds in any desired amount, and of any needed denomination. Persons wishing to exchange stocks or other bonds for these, can do so with any of our agents, who will allow the highest current price for all marketable securities.

Those living in localities remote from banks may send money, or other bonds, directly to us by express, and we will send back Northern Pacific bonds at our own risk, and without cost to the investor. For further information, pamphlets, maps, etc., call on or address the undersigned, or any of the Banks or Bankers employed to sell this loan.

For sale by

**JAY COOKE & CO.,**

**Fiscal Agents Northern Pacific Railroad Co.,**

114 South Third Street, *Philadelphia;*
Corner of Nassau and Wall Sts., *New York;*
452 Fifteenth Street, *Washington, D. C.;*

*By National Banks, and by Brokers generally throughout the Country.*

## THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

WE give on this page a sketch of one of the principal rooms of the Library of Congress, at Washington, the foundation of which was laid in 1800, when Congress made an appropriation of $5000, to be expended in the purchase of books. In 1814, when the collection amounted to about 3000 volumes, many of them exceedingly rare and valuable, it was consumed in the Capitol—burned by order of the commander of the British army.

In view of the loss of this library, Mr. JEFFERSON offered to Congress his own valuable collection for purchase; and for this purpose an appropriation of $23,950 was made. The books were transferred to the Capitol in 1815, and formed the nucleus of a new library. In 1851 another disaster by fire befell the library, then consisting of about 55,000 volumes. Of this number 20,000 volumes were saved, among which was the greater portion of the library of Mr. JEFFERSON. The library rooms being destroyed, temporary accommodations were immediately prepared for the remaining volumes, and $10,000 appropriated to commence replacing those which had been destroyed. By an act of March 19, 1852, an appropriation of $72,000 was made for the repair of the library rooms, which were ready for occupation in July of the following year. They were constructed entirely of iron, to guard against a recurrence of disasters by fire. In August, 1852, an appropriation of $75,000 was made to meet the expense of an extraordinary purchase of books necessary to restore the library to its former state. An annual appropriation is made for the purchase of miscellaneous and law books.

The library now numbers about 180,000 volumes, carefully and judiciously selected under the superintendence of a joint committee. The purchase of books for the Law Department is directed by the Judges of the Supreme Court. The general use of the library is limited by act of Congress to the President and Vice-President of the United States, Members of Congress, Judges of the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, the Secretary of the Senate, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, and the Agent of the Joint Committee on the Library; but visitors are admitted by means of cards. It is open every week-day during the sessions of Congress, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M., and for the same hours on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday of each week during the recess.

By the act of Congress approved July 8, 1870, all records and other things relating to copyrights were placed under the control of the Librarian of Congress. The act also requires that within ten days after the publication of every copyright book or pamphlet, two copies of it shall be forwarded to Washington for preservation in the Library.

This large collection of books embraces works in almost every department of literature and science, but is especially rich on the subjects of international and civil politics and law. It is admirably classified, and as a working library for a legislative body is, perhaps, second to none in the world.

PREPARING FOR BUSINESS.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

## CHINESE BEGGARS.

THERE is a class of beggars in China the members of which are all afflicted in some way; blind, or lame, or maimed, or with wounds, in many cases self-inflicted. Dr. Lockhart relates the case of a man who called at his hospital in Shanghai with violent inflammation of both eyes, having the lids enormously swollen. He stated that he was a plasterer, and that some lime had accidentally fallen into his eye. Further inquiry, however, showed that the man had intentionally filled both eyelids with lime for the purpose of destroying his sight, so as to excite compassion; and he had succeeded, for the eyes were totally destroyed. This plan is not unfrequently resorted to by beggars, when with sound eyes they can not earn a livelihood; they will sometimes blind their children in early life by means of lime, or by puncturing the eyes with a coarse needle. The following plan is, however, the most extraordinary one that has been

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL BROTHERS, WASHINGTON, D.C.]

met with. Four men were seen one day crawling on their hands and knees, having lost their legs a few inches below the knee. They asserted that their eight legs had all been burned off in a fire. But it was ascertained that in the southern part of the province of Shantung beggars have their legs taken off by a professional beggar-surgeon, his plan being to tie a piece of thin string around the middle of the calf, drawing it closer day by day, till mortification of the lower limb ensues. After a while the bone is exposed, sawn through, the wound closed up, and the beggars sent forth, amidst the congratulations of their friends, as in a fair way to obtain a beggar's fortune. Numbers, however, sink under the tortures of the tedious operation. Devices which remind one of Western rogues are sometimes resorted to. Mr. Cobbold, who was formerly a missionary in Ningpo, in his very entertaining book, "Pictures of the Chinese," relates an act of charity of his own. A man came to his house with his wrist fearfully wounded—hacked through, as he asserted, by pirates. Mr. Cobbold called a chair, and hurried off to the dispensary of a missionary doctor. It was pronounced a case of amputation. A Buddhist priest was engaged as nurse; the surgeon set to work to remove the bandage; the patient shrieked in a becoming manner; roll after roll of the bandage was removed, until at last the wrist was disclosed, perfectly sound and whole. So ingeniously was the imposture contrived that it thus at first deceived even the practiced eye of a foreign surgeon.

There is a large division in the beggar host whose character is low even in the estimation of their friends. They have mostly been thieves in former days, and though set at liberty, they yet carry the badges of their crime about with them, whether as a punishment, as a sign of penitence, or as a means of exciting compassion, the writer is not prepared to say. They are called "mandarin beggars." Some wear a very small wooden collar, a model of the cangue borne by convicted thieves in the streets. Others carry a heavy stone on their shoulders from morning to night, their crimes being greater than the first class. Others, again, have a heavy iron spear padlocked to their foot and shoulder; these are chiefly men banished from other provinces. Others, more light-hearted and less burdened by manacles, whirl bowls of water round with juggler skill; they are called "Shake the falling sky." Others go through all the exercises of the noble art of defense, only beating the air, not boxing a brother beggar; and begging priests of the Buddhist and Taoist type are frequently met with—not true mendicant friars sent forth by the monastery abbots, but priests without a home, either outcasts from temples or fictitious characters

## THE STAR RIDER.

"I'm sure I know his face!"

"I'm sure he knows yours! The man turned scarlet as he caught sight of you. He did not bow."

"Bow! no, I should think not! I can not recollect exactly where I met him, but I am certain it is not that sort of acquaintance. Don't you know the sort of feeling that you have when you recognize a man whose face you have seen somewhere, but you can not tell where, but you rather think it is in a shop?"

"I am sure that man had not the least appearance of a shopman."

"No; I do not say he had; but my recollection of him is as of some one who is not in one's set, and whom one scarcely ought to know."

It was on the Spa at Scarborough that this conversation took place, two or three years ago.

The speakers were cousins, Minnie and Kate Brandon, daughters of two men who had begun life with a mere nothing, had worked together, and held together in true Yorkshire fashion, and were now among the richest merchants in Leeds. There was a great difference between the two girls, which was to be accounted for principally by the manner in which they had been brought up. Minnie's father, Richard Brandon ("Devil Dick," as he was called, from the daring manner in which he plunged into speculations from which all other men shrunk, and which seemed almost invariably to turn out right for him), was a hot-headed, impulsive man, with whom, if the first pleasure in life was in making money, the second certainly was in spending it. He had a fine house out on the other side of Woodhouse Moor, sufficiently removed from the smoke and dirt of the town; and there he entertained in a lavish manner the officers of the —— Dragoon Guards—whose head-quarters were at Leeds—who declared that there was no such house within twenty miles as Richard Brandon's. It was a point on which both the old and the young, the married and the single, were unanimous; for while the corpulent major and the captains, who wished that the regulation of the service would provide for a little addition to their undress jackets, smacked their lips over the steaming dishes, and wagged their heads knowingly at the wine, the subalterns declared that Minnie Brandon was "quite the nicest girl in the place, don't you know?" and that there was no house throughout the whole of the cloth district where balls and all that sort of thing were so properly done. A lavish generosity was indeed Richard Brandon's characteristic; he entertained not merely the officers quartered at Leeds barracks, but the barristers who came thither at assize times, any passing strangers who brought letters of introduction, or any celebrity whom he heard might be staying in the town, besides having a certain number of set dinners for his acquaintance among the town people. As to his daughter, nothing could be good enough for her; when she was a child she had the best masters and mistresses that could be procured for money, and when she put away childish things her dresses were supplied by Worth, and her jewelry by Hancock. As her mother had died during Minnie's infancy, the young girl ruled the household, in which her word was law; she had horses and carriages of her own, a boudoir which was fitted up by a London upholsterer, and which was all crimson velvet, and low tables, and occasional chairs, and brackets, and lustres, and *étagères*, and hideous monsters in Sèvres and Dresden, and chiming clocks, and velvet-edged looking-glasses. When her father took a house for three months in Park Lane, and let her thoroughly enjoy one London season, some people in Leeds shook their heads, and said that Richard Brandon was becoming what they called "saaft," and would probably go into the *Gazette*, while others winked their eyes, and said that "Devil Dick" meant getting into Parliament and marrying his daughter to a duke.

Isaac Brandon, his brother, said nothing. He knew perfectly well that however reckless and ridiculous his brother's acts might seem to be, they were always guided by some principle of common-sense. When the hiring of the house in Park Lane was announced to him, he merely smiled, and said he was quite certain that Richard would find somebody else to pay the rent. When, after being a few weeks in London, Richard wrote to his brother informing him that they had been appointed sole consignees for a certain quantity of Australian wool, which they had been long desirous of getting, Isaac smiled again, and thought that, however expensive the visit to London might be, it was well repaid. He thought this more especially because the expenses did not fall on him. It was enough for one of the firm, he said, to undertake what he called "the dining and glitter" part; Dick was suited for that sort of thing, and Minnie delighted in it. For himself, he was content to live in a very plain and comfortable house at Headingley, to associate with a few old chums of his own social standing, and to be perfectly happy in superintending the education of his daughter Kate, by whom his characteristic quiet common-sense was inherited. At the very moment of our first sight of her she was smiling slightly at Minnie's allusion to "her set."

As they were retracing their steps on the promenade they again encountered the man who had formed the subject of their remarks—a man very little above the middle height, and slightly built, but wonderfully knit together. His slight, lithe frame seemed made of iron, and his whole appearance showed that he was in the highest possible state of physical training. His features were regular, his eyes large and dark, his hair crisp and curly; he wore neither beard nor mustaches, and was dressed in a loose blue suit, evidently of foreign make. As he neared the young ladies his cheeks flushed almost painfully, but this time he did not look at them, keeping his eyes straight before him as he walked past. Minnie was about to make some further remark to her cousin, when the sight of Mr. Bassenthwaite turned her thoughts into another channel.

Jack Bassenthwaite—who was called "Jack" because his name was Charles—was an officer in the cavalry regiment then quartered at Leeds, and was the possessor of a series of manly and intellectual accomplishments which deservedly constituted him the pet of the mess and the envy of his comrades. He could drink and smoke more than most men, could play billiards better, knew more comic vocalists and ladies of the ballet than any plunger in the service. In person Captain Bassenthwaite was tall and stout, with deep blue eyes, handsome bronzed features, and a thick heavy mustache, from under which the butt end of a cigar was usually protruding. He was the son of a country parson, poor in pocket but rich in blood, whom this high-spirited fellow had nearly ruined by his extravagance; and finding it impossible to keep on any longer, he had determined to retrieve his fortune by a good marriage, and had selected Miss Minnie Brandon as the exact person to suit him. He had come out that morning accompanied by his intimate friend, David Morgan—humorously known as the "Welcher," a combined allusion to his nationality, and to a little betting transaction in which he had once distinguished himself—with the full intention of meeting Miss Brandon on the Spa; and, with a view of preparing themselves for the encounter, these gallant spirits had partaken, at the bar of the Crown, of what they were pleased to call "two-and-a-split," which to the initiated means one bottle of soda-water divided between two glasses of brandy.

"Here they are, Jack!" said the Welcher, as they descended on to the promenade. "Your young woman is in great form this morning, though, as usual, confound it! she has got the little one with her."

"Wouldn't have her walk about by herself, would you?" growled Captain Bassenthwaite, emitting a big puff of smoke. "What is the matter with the little one?"

"Rather too much for me, don't you know?—down upon me, and all that sort of thing; always think she is poking her fun at me."

"You must learn to stand that, Morgan, as well as a good many other things in this life," said the captain, contemptuously. "You're entered to make the running in this race, and you must stick to that line of country. Light a weed, old man, and you can suck away at that, and only say 'Oh' and 'Ay' occasionally."

The Welcher complied with these instructions, and the gallant youths joined the ladies on the promenade. They had not walked fifty yards before they met the man of whom the girls had been speaking.

"See, Captain Bassenthwaite!" said Minnie, who, with her companion, was in advance of the others, "can you tell me who that man is? His face is perfectly familiar to me, but I can not tell where I have seen him."

Captain Bassenthwaite honored the stranger with a long stare. "Never saw him before in my life," he remarked. "Never wish to again, for the matter of that. Rum get-up, isn't he? Looks like a painter. Dare say Mogg knows who it is; he knows every body, does old Muggins; I will ask him."

Old Muggins, on being appealed to, was equal to the occasion. He did not think it possible, he said, that Miss Brandon could know the stranger, though doubtless she had seen him, as he was a rider at Quankibosco's Circus, then performing in the town. "Sydney Seymour, or some such name, he calls himself," added the Welcher, "and does the bare-back trick like a bird!"

Lieutenant David Morgan was both right and wrong.

The man whom they had noticed did call himself Sydney Seymour, and did ride bare-backed at Signor Quankibosco's Circus; but Miss Brandon had been introduced to him—and, more than that, had danced with him in the very best society. He was called Arthur L'Estrange then; and this was his history:

Arthur L'Estrange was the only son of General L'Estrange, an officer who had not merely served with distinction, but whose scientific knowledge of his profession had obtained for him a prominent position at the War Office. The general's greatest wish was that his son, whom he adored, should follow his profession; and the boy was educated at Sandhurst, under the special care of one of the general's old comrades, who was a professor there. Every thing seemed going on well; Arthur was reported to be diligent in his studies, and unexceptional in his conduct; but one day the professor arrived hastily at the general's house, and struck consternation into the heart of his old friend by telling him that the boy had formed an acquaintance with a young woman attached to a strolling company of actors, who had been performing in the neighborhood, and that unless strong measures were taken he would probably disgrace himself by marrying her. Strong measures the general took at once: he proceeded direct to Sandhurst, saw Arthur, and demanded to know the history of the whole affair. The boy, then about seventeen years old, answered frankly, completely indorsing the professor's story. He did know this young lady, who was called Florence Delavanti; he was in love with her; he did fully intend to marry her; but admitted, however, that he should not have taken that step without asking his father's sanction. The old general was furious: he would hear of no delay, no compromise; the girl must be given up at once, or he and his son would be strangers henceforth and forever. A scene of hot and angry recrimination ensued, ending by the reiteration on Arthur's part of his refusal to give up the girl, and by the general swearing that henceforth his son was nothing to him, and must gain his living as he best could.

Arthur L'Estrange married the poor little girl with a high-sounding name, and became a member of the play-acting troupe to which she was attached. He had been always celebrated for his agility and feats of strength, and now turned these qualifications to good use. The poor little creature whom he had made his wife was very delicate, and, about eighteen months after their marriage, lost her strength and her voice, and was incapable of fulfilling her professional duties. Thus the whole burden of the household fell upon Arthur; and, under his assumed name of Sydney Seymour, he was beginning to be well known among the professors of that strange world which he had adopted. In graceful agility he was allowed to be quite unique; and the unmistakable bearing of the gentleman, which distinguished him on the stage or in the circus, always made him an object of interest to the female portion of the spectators.

Three years after his marriage his wife died. The shock was very great to him, for he had been deeply attached to her. It was some time before he could resume the practice of his profession; and when he did so, though he was as graceful and agile as ever, there was a certain callous carelessness about him, which seemed to pervade every action of his life. His companions, who, without being acquainted with any particulars of his history, could not avoid seeing that by birth and education he was not one of them, but rather a gentleman under misfortune, or, as they phrased it, "a swell out of luck," expressed their wonder that he did not return to his friends; but he only answered moodily that he had grown habituated to his life, that he had no interest or care for himself, and that the shackles of conventional society would now be impossible for him to bear. These remarks were fully coincided with by the manager of the circus, of which he was always the greatest attraction; and thus matters stood at the opening of our story.

That evening was a "bespeak night" at the circus, the performance being under the patronage of a nobleman who had just arrived at his shooting-box in the neighborhood, and who attended on the occasion with a large number of his friends. The house was crammed, and among the audience were Minnie and Kate Brandon, attended by Captain Bassenthwaite and several other officers. Some of them had only that day come over from the barracks at Leeds, and their arrival had been celebrated by their friends by a little dinner, at which a great deal of wine had been drunk. Of this Captain Bassenthwaite seemed to have had his full share; his eyes were rather bloodshot, his speech rather thick, and he rolled about in his seat. He also made himself conspicuous by his loud remarks, mostly of a derogatory character, on the various performances. But it was not until the "daring feat of equestrianism on a bare-backed horse" by Mr. Sydney Seymour took place that the captain's conduct excited general attention. At the sight of the rider his dull eyes seemed to glow with rage, and turning to Miss Brandon, he said, in a thick, husky tone,

"That is the fellow who stared at you this morning on the Spa!"

"Hush, pray be quiet!" said Minnie, in a frightened voice; "he did not stare at me, he—"

"That is all very well," he cried; "you say that to save him, but I saw him stare at you; he is staring now! By Jove! I'll—" He suddenly rose, as though about to spring into the arena, but was checked by a cry of "silence" which arose from the audience. His sudden motion had, however, frightened the horse, which swerved quickly on one side, disturbing the rider's equilibrium, and throwing him on to his head.

A mingled cry of fright and rage rose from the people; but Arthur L'Estrange was on his feet in a moment, bowed, quickly caught the horse, and carried on his performance with greater grace and daring even than before. Some quarter of an hour afterward he entered the audience portion of the house, dressed in private clothes, and looking very pale and gentlemanly. His entrance was observed by the large mass of people filling the gallery, and he was cheered to the echo. At the conclusion of the performance Captain Bassenthwaite, in conducting Miss Brandon to her carriage, saw the man whose presence had so annoyed him standing with his back to the wall, as though waiting to let the visitors pass out.

"Step aside, Sir," said Bassenthwaite, pushing him roughly, "and make room for your customers!"

Arthur L'Estrange made one step forward, but, seeing Miss Brandon, he merely bowed, and, turning into the crowd, followed in their footsteps. No sooner, however, had the carriage door closed upon the ladies than Bassenthwaite, who was standing making his farewell bow, felt a grip of iron in his cravat, and heard a voice hissing in his ear, "You scoundrel! I spared you this instant because ladies were present. There are none here now, and you shall answer to me for your insults this evening!"

"Who the deuce is this? Take your hand off me!" cried Captain Bassenthwaite, shaking himself free. Then turning to his assailant, "Oh, it is you, is it?" said he. "I thought it was a gentleman; but I shall give *you* in charge of the police!"

"You are a bully, and so would shelter yourself under any excuse; but that I am a gentleman, at least your equal in birth and breeding, I am fully able to prove. If I can prove it, will you give me a meeting?"

"*If* you can; but you are only a tumbler in a circus, and one does not go out with such people."

"Fortunately there is some one here who can corroborate my assertion," said the circus-rider, turning to one of the gentlemen who had gathered round. "Your name is Norman Lockwood?"

"It is," said the gentleman addressed, adding, rather contemptuously, "but that information might easily be acquired; and I confess I have not the slightest knowledge of you or your antecedents."

L'Estrange stepped up to him and whispered in his ear.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Captain Lockwood aloud; "you don't say so!" Then turning his acquaintance under the gas-light he looked at him for a moment earnestly, and said, "There is no doubt about it! My dear Arthur, I am delighted at meeting you again. Bassenthwaite, I will guarantee this gentleman's position and—"

"If I want to put a bullet through him, would you be his friend?" asked the captain.

"Willingly; but we will not talk about bullets or meetings; we are none of us quite in a condition to settle preliminaries. If you are in the same mind to-morrow you will find me ready to act on this gentleman's behalf. We will meet on the Spa at eleven. Now good-night."

The next morning Arthur L'Estrange left the humble lodgings which he inhabited in the north quarter of the town, and walked over toward the Spa. A great change had come over the weather during the night. The wind, which had been fresh for some days, was now blowing half a gale, and the surface of the sea was covered with foam-crested breakers. All the little fleet of fishing-boats lay snugly in the shelter of the harbor, and of all the small craft usually dotting the surface of the bay there was only one boat visible. This was a pleasure-boat, which seemed to be making for the shore, but to be beating up and down, and tacking in and out in an odd and unseamanlike fashion. There was a small group of fishermen standing on one of the grassy knolls to the southward of the Spa; one of them had a telescope, through which he was examining the solitary boat, and as he passed them Arthur heard one of them say that Jim Raper could not be out in the Nancy, or he would have struck that mainsail long ago.

When he descended on the Spa he found that universal interest was roused about the little craft, which was rapidly nearing the rocks, with her sails still flying. Groups of people were gathered together here and there, pointing eagerly to her, and discussing what appeared to be her inevitable fate.

"It is impossible she can hold out!" said one of the speakers, to whom all seemed to pay attention: "my only wonder is that she has not capsized long before this. If one could make him understand that he ought to lower that mainsail!"

"Does nobody know who it is?" asked another.

"There's two of them," said a third—"officers, so far as I can make out. They are in the habit of going out bathing with Jim Raper; but Jim was not there this morning—he would not have let them go if he had been, with this breeze coming on; so they got hold of the boat and went out by themselves."

"Hoy! lower your mainsail," roared a boatman, using his hands like a speaking-trumpet. "It is no use; they can't hear. It will be all over with them in a minute!" As he spoke a tremendous wave whirled the little cockle-shell aloft, and

left it keel upward. For a moment two men were seen floating in the boiling surf. Then one of them gained the boat, and dragged himself to a secure position on her bottom—the other was lost to sight.

A cry of horror burst from the crowd, in the midst of which a wild scream of a woman was specially audible. Arthur L'Estrange rushed to the spot from whence it proceeded, and found Minnie Brandon, with her hands clasped and her hair loose and streaming in the wind.

"Oh, for God's sake save him!" she cried. "Be men, some of you, and go to his help! You, Sir," turning to Arthur, "you will make some attempt to save him?"

"Who is it?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Captain Bassenthwaite," she replied, "my husband that is to be. Oh, for God's sake try to save him!"

In an instant Arthur L'Estrange had pulled off his coat and waistcoat and his shoes, and sprang on to the top of the low wall, and thence into the boiling flood. The one man still remained clinging to the boat, the other had risen to the surface, and was floating helplessly about fifty yards in front of him. Arthur was a splendid swimmer, and struck out boldly; the force of the tide was tremendous, and it was some time before he could reach the object of his search: twice the man had sunk, and, helpless and insensible, was throwing up his arms preparatory to his final disappearance, when Arthur L'Estrange seized him by his hair and turned his face to the shore, attempting to drag his helpless burden into safety. The tide was running out like a mill-race, and so heavy was his encumbrance that Arthur found it almost impossible to make head against it. Again and again he renewed his effort, encouraged by the fact that he was evidently nearing the shore; that he could hear the hearty cheers of those witnessing his gallant attempt; that it needed but a very few strokes more and his end would be attained. Then an enormous wall of blue water seemed to rise up against him; sea and sky were mingled together; there was a mighty rushing sound in his ear; his senses failed him, and he knew no more.

When he came to himself he was lying in bed at a hotel, with his hand clasped between those of an old gentleman, who lifted his head as the patient moved, and revealed the features of General L'Estrange. It was like a dream to Arthur, and he took it as such, and fell calmly off to sleep again. Nor for days after was he well enough to learn how half a dozen stalwart fishermen dragged him and Bassenthwaite, whose life he had saved, to the shore; how Norman Lockwood had at once telegraphed off an account to the general, who had instantly come down to Scarborough; and how the reconciliation between father and son was complete.

It was not until weeks afterward that Arthur L'Estrange, fully recognized by his father and his friends, was one of a wedding-party, acting, indeed, as best man to Captain Bassenthwaite, whose gratitude and affection for his preserver were unbounded, and who has since sold out of the service, and become one of the steadiest and most prosperous gentleman-farmers in Yorkshire. It was not until months afterward that Arthur L'Estrange stood at the altar on his own account; but the girl who, to the solemn invocation, asking her whether she would take him to be her wedded husband, answered, "I will!" was none other than Kate Brandon, who had first known him as Mr. Sydney Seymour, the Star Rider of Signor Quankiboscoʼs Circus.

## THE USE OF BALLOONS IN WAR.

An ingenious Frenchman, M. Bobœuf, some time since discovered a method of discharging missiles by means of the gas in the balloon, which he compressed in a special apparatus; and thus, as the weight of the car was diminished by that of the bullet thrown, so also the lifting power of the balloon was lessened by the use of the amount of gas which discharged it.

Such a plan, however, might bring the aeronauts into an unpleasant position; they might fire away all their gas in the action, and find themselves slowly sinking into the hands of their irate enemies below, without any means of taking flight again. On the other hand, the vapor or gas of gunpowder has been used to inflate balloons, apparently not with very great success. What special advantage this gas has over the ordinary coal-gas does not appear.

Such are the only uses to which it has been proposed to apply balloons, as at present constructed, to purposes of war. Numerous other inventions have been proposed; but they are all founded on some plan for obtaining flight, either by guiding a balloon, or by means of an aerial ship, or flying-machine. Of course one of the most obvious uses to which an aerial ship could be put would be to sail quietly into the centre of a town or camp, and attack the unconscious inhabitants. Most of our greatest inventions are now principally useful according as they can be more or less easily adapted to the purposes of war. More thought and trouble have been spent on the Martini-Henry rifle than on the spinning-jenny. Perhaps the culmination of all modern civilization, the greatest achievement of modern science, is the mitrailleuse. Consequently, if ever any attempt to navigate the air can be successful, the first application of the scheme will probably be to purposes of destruction. We shall hear of balloon monitors before we hear of balloon mail, in any other sense than that in which those irregular supplies of letters from Paris are said to come *par ballon monté*. It is curious—as showing, among other circumstances, how little change there has been in this respect in men's opinions—that the Jesuit, Francis Lana, who was one of the very earliest to hit upon the idea of any scheme, like that of our balloons, for rising in the air, when he described his machine (which was something like a boat, with several copper globes, from which the air had been exhausted, fastened round her gunwale, in order to raise her into the air), should have looked upon his craft as likely to be of use chiefly in war, and lamented the fact that it would make all castles and strong-holds useless. He, of course, did not know the modern dictum, which has received so much confirmation from recent events, that the easier it is to wage war, and the more destructive war is when waged, the less we of necessity have of it. But then, of course, he only lived in the dark ages, before nineteenth-century civilization and breech-loaders were invented.

Unfortunately all these schemes break down in the flying part. Nobody as yet has managed to fly—at least more than a few yards, which has been accomplished—or to construct any machine capable of being guided in the air. A man can, by help of a balloon, rise into the air, like a cork in the water, and then drift about at the mercy of the winds, but that is all; and it seems more than probable that he will never do any thing better. To prove the impossibility of such a thing is, indeed, not easy, as it never is to prove any impossibility; but there are a few obstacles in the way which seem almost insuperable.

In order to guide any machine through the air it is necessary that it should have some motion independent of that given it by the wind—some steerage-way, at all events. It is obvious that a boat simply drifting before a current can not be steered; the rudder in such a case is simply useless, and is only available when the boat has a definite motion in some particular direction independent of that given it by the stream. Some motion, then, independent of the wind, the balloon must have. Again, to be of any avail beyond checking its forward movement, such power must be capable of driving the balloon faster than the wind, or else it can only be of use in perfectly calm weather. Considering the amount of force required to move a body along the ground, with the leverage afforded by the solid earth, at a pace equal to that even of a light breeze, the power required to move any object in the air, with no better leverage than that given by the air itself, may easily be imagined. Suppose that an aerial ship could be made which would go twenty miles an hour in a perfect calm, that would be considered a sufficient feat; but in a breeze which moved at the rate of twenty miles an hour it could only be stationary, or, at most, move in a direction with the wind, but not exactly before it—with the wind on her quarter, to use a nautical expression. It is to be remembered that a balloon must of necessity be carried along entirely by the wind, so that, as regards the balloon, the wind has absolutely no relative motion. Aeronauts never feel any breeze whatever in a balloon, since it and the wind travel along precisely at the same pace. Hence it can not sail, as a boat does, in a direction at an acute angle to that of the wind, any more than a boat can drift in any direction but that of the current. The motion of the boat is the result of two forces acting upon it; the balloon is subjected only to one. The first thing needful, then, is to impart motion to the vessel which is to sail "with sublime dominion through the azure fields of air." Until this can be done it is hopeless to think of directing it.

This puts balloons out of the question. It will probably never be possible to make a balloon which can lift any engine capable of moving it. The surface of a balloon is enormous; and to drive such a large mass—which is incapable, from its nature, of receiving momentum—through the air, would require an engine of immense power, and, therefore, of considerable weight. The only way of increasing the lifting power of a balloon is by increasing its size, and consequently its surface, and consequently, again, the power of its engine. This is a hopeless dilemma. Then a silk balloon is not strong enough to resist any pressure from the air; and no other material of equal lightness and sufficient strength is likely to be discovered. Any frame-work which would serve to strengthen the balloon, and enable it to keep its shape, would also be heavy. Lastly, the guiding machinery must be attached to the balloon itself, not to the car—so that the ordinary shape could not be employed; and the machine would have to be fish or boat shaped—an almost impossible form for a gas balloon.

If, then, we are ever to rival the birds, it must be by aid of some mechanical means—some flying-machine. Numbers of these have been invented, but it is hardly necessary to say that none of them have as yet been successful. No one has yet really discovered the principles on which birds fly, or on which it will be necessary to proceed before men can do the same. Any of these machines would doubtless, if successful, be very useful for purposes of fighting, but some few have been intended by their inventors chiefly for that object.

Among the most remarkable of these is one for which a patent was taken out, in 1855, by the Earl of Aldborough. This invention, if it could be brought to work, would of itself be quite sufficient to revolutionize the whole art of warfare; and balloons would by this time have taken the place of men-of-war, with the additional advantage of being equally useful over land and sea, which no ship could possibly be. Then the present war might have seen fulfilled the prediction of the poet of "Locksley Hall," who, in fancy,

> "Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
> From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
> Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
> With the standards of the people plunging through the thunder-storm."

The specification of the patent in question describes a perfect armament of aerial vessels of warlike nature, which probably never existed even as models. Each of them is a sort of balloon, fitted with wings to be worked by hand and by a complicated arrangement of springs. Some are of the ordinary balloon shape, and have wings fastened to the car; others are in the shape of a boat. They are all to be raised by means of gas, and the wings are to be used only to impart horizontal motion and direction. How liable these machines are to all the objections mentioned above is obvious.

The armament of these vessels is complete. Guns and muskets are to be so placed as to utilize the recoil—how, is not said—while explosive shells are to be dropped from them. Some are even to be thinly armor-plated at top, that they may be safely protected from the attack of hostile vessels above. To each ship one or more "pilot-boats" are attached, for the purpose of guiding, landing passengers, etc., so that no convenience may be wanted.

To insure the safety of these marvelous ships a fortress is to be provided, guarded by a sort of *chevaux de frise*, arranged like the entrance to a mouse-trap, so as to allow vessels to go out, but impede the entry of any hostile ships. In order to admit friendly balloons the stakes of the *chevaux de frise* are movable.

This invention is apparently the most complete in intention of any which would apply balloons to fighting uses. How utterly impracticable it is in all its execution is obvious. One or two others of like character have been patented, but one such is enough to mention—*ex uno disce omnes*. Still it is easy to laugh at the attempt after aerostation. The science may, after all, but be in its infancy; and some new source of motive power may yet be discovered which may lift us through the air. Till such discovery we must be content to go on destroying one another with the means we have—means, to judge of the present war, of very sufficient power.

## CLOUDED INTELLECTS.

FORTUNATE it is in regard to the insane that, as a rule, their attention is easily diverted. The maniac resembles the child in this respect. His fancy is readily tickled with any straw. A personal compliment, however irrelevant, meaningless, or absurd, will generally have the effect of checking his fiercest fit of passion, and of thwarting his most threatening intention.

But we might give several remarkable instances where the deadly purposes of the demented have been averted only through the extraordinary presence of mind of those who were the objects of their hallucination. Once a keeper in an asylum had occasion to go upon the roof of the building—a very high one. A patient, unobserved, quickly mounted the ladder after him, and confronting the keeper at the top, told him if he (the keeper) did not jump down, he (the lunatic) would throw him down. There was no mistaking the menacing look and tone. Escape was impossible. Suddenly a happy thought struck the keeper. "Ha!" said he, with an air of easy confidence; "to jump down would be no great feat. I tell you what—I'll go down and jump up." The madman was off the scent at once. The notion pleased him immensely. Both descended the ladder, and the keeper saved his life by this lucky stratagem.

A young lady was put into a railway compartment alone, to go to London. As the train was on the point of starting a gentlemanly looking man rushed up and took his seat in the same carriage. Shortly after the train had got up speed the gentleman jumped up and exclaimed, "This carriage is to heavy, and must be lightened;" and straightway his carpet-bag disappeared out of the window. He remained quiet for a couple of minutes, then started up again, when his coat and waistcoat followed his bag. After another brief pause he said, "Let us pray for the Duke of Gloucester." Down they went on their knees, the poor girl, only seventeen, too frightened to do any thing but obey. When that was finished they prayed for the Duke of York, and then for another—in fact, for a whole string of dukes; after which they sat down, the young lady alarmed out of her senses. A few more minutes of silence, and the gentleman once more exclaimed, "It won't do; I can't stand it; the train is too heavy; either you or I must get out; I don't want to, so you must go." The girl, in despair, says, "But we have not prayed for the Duke of Northumberland." "Ah! no more we have." Down they went again on their knees, when fortunately the train stopped at a station. The young lady called the guard, and it was discovered that the gentleman was a lunatic escaped from Hanwell.

Very affecting is the incident recorded of Jullien, the musician. Latterly that popular favorite became deeply involved in difficulties, under which his mind ultimately gave way. On several occasions his friends fancied they observed him in fits—though passing ones—of insanity. These fits consisted of sudden overflows of high spirits, followed by prostration and dejection, without any apparent cause. One day he returned home armed with a large knife. He found there his niece, a young lady of sixteen, whom he had adopted. "Come here," he said to her; "I am going to let you hear the most marvelous of all music—the grand concert of the angels; I am going to kill you." With these words he was about to carry out his threat, when the young lady, with great presence of mind, said, "With all my heart! only, before sending me to heaven, just play me an air once on your piccolo, so that I may compare your music with that of the angels." The idea struck him as admirable. He kissed his niece, and went to get his instrument. Meanwhile she made her escape, and the poor madman, having been secured, was taken to a *maison de santé* at Neuilly, where he died a few days afterward.

The story of the madman who made his way into the presence of the Duke of Wellington is probably well known. He had come with the express purpose of killing the great captain. The Duke, who was busily engaged in writing, on hearing this alarming intimation, looked up, pen in hand, and calmly remarked that he was very sorry to disappoint his friend, but he was really very much engaged with some work that must be finished without delay. If, however, his visitor would call to-morrow at the same hour, the Duke would be happy to see him. The would-be assassin actually promised to call on the following day, and then quietly retired.

Hypochondriacs indulge in singular fancies enough, but the delusions of monomaniacs are still more extraordinary. There is nothing too preposterous for them to imagine. Very ludicrous, for example, is the answer of a lunatic to a visitor, who said to him: "You now tell me that you are the archangel Gabriel, but last time I was here didn't you tell me that you were Lucifer?" "So I am," was the reply; "but it's by different mothers."

Not long ago a patient of an asylum died; he had resided there for the long period of twenty-nine years. Being a thorough gentleman and an excellent companion, he was much esteemed by every one who knew him. With all his fellow-patients he was an immense favorite, for he possessed great humor and an inexhaustible stock of anecdotes, was a capital player at bowls, billiards, and whist, and yet no lunatic perhaps ever labored under more singular delusions. He asserted that he was upward of 20,000 years of age, and used to describe the pre-historic period of the earth, during which he had witnessed "three floods greater than Noah's." Noah he knew very well. He described him as a *nice* lad when he first knew him, but as having latterly fallen into dissipated habits. He had commanded numerous large armies at various periods, and for the last three or four thousand years had been Augustus J. Cæsar, commander and chief of the Roman armies, which was his usual signature.

The cunning of lunatics is proverbial, and they display at times not a little shrewdness of speech and purpose. There may be said to be sensible madmen, just as there is said to be wise fools. At any rate, we often find considerable method in the madness of some "clouded intellects."

A game-keeper and an inmate of an asylum at Neath, England, happened to meet on the lawn in front of the building.

INMATE. "Good-morning to you. That's a fine horse you have; pray what is he worth?"

GAME-KEEPER. "This horse cost my master sixty pounds."

INMATE. "And what may that gun have cost which you have?"

GAME-KEEPER. "This is one of Westley Richards's, and consequently is expensive; it cost twenty pounds."

INMATE. "And what are these dogs worth?"

GAME-KEEPER. "These dogs are worth about twenty pounds."

INMATE. "And what have you in that basket?"

GAME-KEEPER. "A snipe."

INMATE. "And what is that worth?"

GAME-KEEPER. "About sixpence."

INMATE. "Well, I should recommend you to ride off as fast as you can, for if our governor were to know that any man expended a hundred pounds to procure a six-penny bird, he would immediately seize him and put him in his asylum."

We have heard of a remarkable instance of shrewdness on the part of two lunatic lovers. Some years ago there were in Colney Hatch a young man and a young woman who made each other's acquaintance at one of the monthly balls given for the amusement of the inmates. Deranged though this couple were, they carried on an innocent courtship, and, despite the vigilance of the officials, managed a written correspondence. Both recovered, and after their discharge, having renewed their courtship, married happily. So far as is known at the asylum, neither has had a relapse of insanity. Though the lamp of reason burned dim, the affections and sympathies still continued undiminished in warmth and power. Many interesting things might be told of the mechanical ingenuity and artistic taste of some of these clouded intellects.

The worst examples of frenzied guilt howl and fret away their days and nights behind thick iron gratings. Their faces are hideous, their voices inhuman, degradation is exhibited in their every action and gesture. But there are others whose condition is less terrible, and far more hopeful—men of less criminal and more cultivated natures, whose right hand has not lost its cunning, though in other respects they are childish, helpless, and irrational. These melancholy captives write poetry, play on musical instruments, make sketches, and execute works of sculpture, construct models of steam-engines, ships, etc., and thus beguile the tedium of the "long, weary hours," and render their condition less unbearable to themselves and to those around them.

In very many cases such efforts, as might be expected, exhibit some droll irregularity or funny feature, which sufficiently marks the mental condition of their authors. The peculiarity of a late clever and well-known artist, who during his confinement in an asylum painted a large number of pictures, was that he always added a devil's tail to his figures. He did not consider that his portraits of either ladies or gentlemen were finished without the caudal appendage.

On the other hand, the writer lately saw in a Scotch asylum a series of most beautiful and perfect diagrams to illustrate a course of lectures on the Infusoriæ, the artist being an inmate who was more mad a great deal than any March hare.

# Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## ACROSS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

By DR. ISAAC I. HAYES.

THE AUK.

### CHAPTER III.

Phases of Human Life in the North.—A Sultry Day among the Icebergs.—Remarkable Ice Formations.—An Isolated Home.—Jensen and his Family.—An Arctic Witch.—A Half-breed Family.—An Arctic Love Romance.—Conclusion.

UNDER the head of "Hunting Bears by Steam," I described in the last Number of *Harper's Weekly* some arctic adventures of a novel character in situations quite unusual for "summer excursionists." We will now observe some aspects of human life there which fell under my observation on the homeward route.

Before, however, quitting Melville Bay, where we had encountered the bears, let us dwell for a few moments upon the last day we spent in that quarter.

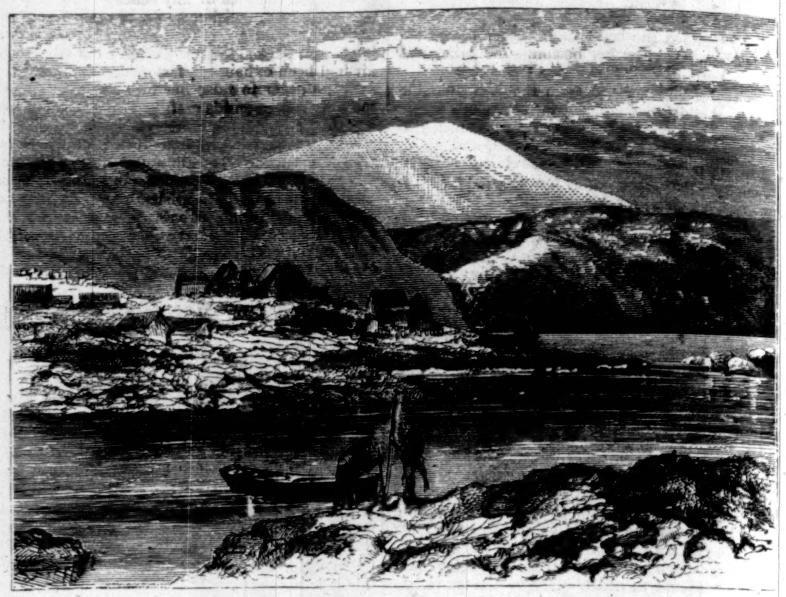
It was a day long to be remembered, and one to mark an era in a lifetime. Think of a sultry heat in an iceberg forest, and a blazing sun that scorched our faces as we walked about over the ice-fields, and you will get some idea of it. We lay moored to an immense ice-field that was, so far as the eye could perceive, limitless in extent. Its thickness was about two and a half feet, and for the most part it was as level as the sea in a calm. The snows of winter had melted from its surface, and here and there the water had gathered in shallow pools, giving something the appearance of a marsh. Through the field numerous icebergs protruded, like huge rocks rising above a plain; the universal whiteness, broken only by the deep blue of the water, produced a glare that was sometimes painful to the eye, and when the sun was shining at its brightest quite overpowering.

Our people amused themselves in various ways. Some carried out boards from the ship, and dropping them upon the ice, went soundly to sleep upon them in the hot sun. Others played foot-ball, while some exercised their skill with pistol and rifle upon a target painted with ink upon the side of a berg. Others again ran foot-races, and all hands made the most of the strange and unusual situation. There were neither bears nor seals to attract to more serious pastime, and no living thing besides ourselves was seen in this brilliantly illuminated wilderness except a flock of rotche, or little auks, which came from the northward, and dropped down in the sea only a little way from us. Afterward they climbed out of the water and stood in a row, bolt upright, in a most cunning and saucy manner, on the edge of the ice. No doubt they had come from the extensive rookeries on the north side of Melville Bay, where the shore is for miles and miles literally alive with them. This bird is the liveliest of divers, is not larger than a quail, and the few that our sportsmen secured proved the best food of all the arctic birds we had as yet obtained. Our position was now latitude 75° north, near the very middle of Melville Bay.

While the idlers were thus amusing themselves Mr. Bradford and the photographers were busy enough, and I found sufficient occupation in measuring and closely examining an iceberg which lay partly embedded in the floe about two hundred yards from us. It was a very remarkable berg, both in form and dimensions, though, in the latter particular, many that I have seen exceeded it. Its greatest height, determined from a carefully measured base line, was 230 feet, and its extreme length 1040 feet. We called it "the ruined castle," and, indeed, there was only required a very slight assistance from the imagination to complete the outlines of an ancient work of defense turned adrift upon the sea in some unaccountable manner, as if to make room for more modern inventions. I estimated its cubical contents at fifty millions of tons.

It is hardly necessary to explain that these icebergs have only one-eighth of their bulk above the sea. Being composed of fresh-water—that is to say, snow—and formed upon the land, they are, to all intents and purposes, but fragments like the bit of ice that clicks in your tumbler at dinner-time; and any one who has drunk a glass of ice-water has seen a miniature iceberg to perfection.

Our castled iceberg can best be appreciated by a detailed description, and yet it is difficult to describe so grand an object even by contrasting it with familiar things. In the first place, there was an open portal and a lowered draw-bridge; but the latter did not look very secure, being but a portion of the ice-field on which we stood, that had been crowded into the opening. So we did not venture upon the passage, but rather gazed through the archway at the blue sky beyond, until the curiosity was satisfied, when we walked as far around the ruin as the nature of the ice would allow. The rear proved to be much lower than the front; and, in fact, the front and one side presented from both points of view a no bad imitation of a lofty wall (now partly crumbled down) which had once been the half of the wall inclosing the central space, or court-yard, to which the portal led. This space was about one-eighth of a mile in diameter, and was very rough and rugged, and it lay some fifty to eighty feet above the sea level. When the sun came around to that side, and shone down upon that part of the wonderful ruin, and we stood upon the ice-field in front and in deep shadow, looking through the open portal, the effect was most enchanting; and it is indeed impossible to conceive of any thing more startling in the way of light and shade and color than is presented upon and about such a huge mass of ice seen under such conditions. When the sun was shining on the ice, as seen through the portal, the surface had the appearance of delicate white satin. The shadows were the most tender and delicious blue, while in those places where the ice-field was removed from the berg, and an overhanging portion of it received the reflected light from the water below, the color was the most exquisite green that can possibly be imagined.

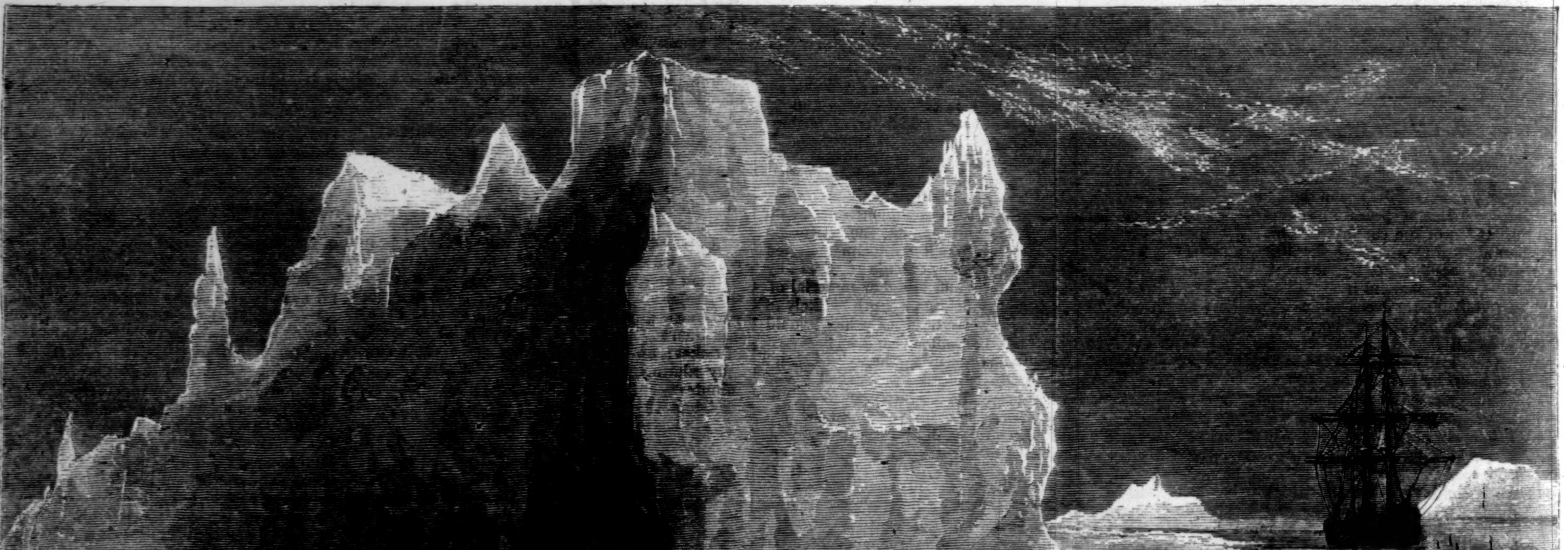


HARBOR AND VILLAGE OF UPERNAVIK.

But I fear the reader will say, "There's something too much of this." The fact is, travelers have rhapsodized so much and so often over icebergs in all their various forms and conditions, that the subject has become more than a "twice-told tale." So we will pass on and let our ruined castle lie there in all its glory, beauty, and desolation; and let it glow by day and grow dim by night, and without further demonstration let it and all the thousands of sister objects which surround it in that wondrous sea glow and grow dim, and continue to be in the future, as in the past, the most beautiful and grand and glorious gems that the all-wise Father has placed upon the bosom of nature. And now, with this our farewell to the icebergs with which we have so long kept company, we will quit them for the south.

To quit them, however, was not so easy as might have been imagined; for, by the time we were ready to retreat, a great change had come over the sea. The days of our lingering had robbed us of the midnight sun, and on the 18th day of August that bright luminary dipped about eleven o'clock P.M. The wind came out from northeast, directly from the Greenland glaciers, the temperature went down below freezing, and by morning the waters about us were firmly glued up, and the *Panther* was a prisoner. In many places the young ice would bear a man's weight. It was a very needless predicament to have been placed in, but these Newfoundland sailors must not for the world be robbed of their night's rest; and although ready to leave at the close of the previous day, the captain allowed his crew to "turn in;" and so all through the solemn arctic night no sound was heard save the heavy breathing of the sleepers.

Luckily the *Panther* was strong, or we should have lain there beside the ruined castle for the



THE ICEBERG CASTLE.

PHILIP AND HIS FIVE SONS.

HANS AND HIS FAMILY.

winter. It was at least a quarter of an hour after we cast off from the floe before we budged, and then it was a long while before we made much headway. By-and-by, however, we made four knots, and then, after that, went crunching through the transparent film that was on the sea; the crystals flew to left and right, and when the sun came out, shining upon the flying fragments, it seemed as if we were cutting through a waste of jewelry. A few hours of this sort of running brought us into the clear water of an opening lead, and thence our flight from Melville Bay was made much after the same fashion as that of our going in—the same cutting through and breaking down of floes, and the same wild excitement as before.

Our good ship seemed to have a realizing sense of her situation, and to enjoy as much as we the prospect which had so suddenly overtaken us together of wintering in the dreaded "pack." Welch, the fireman, declared that the *Panther* was a ship "as knowed a thing or two."

When the day closed we had Wilcox Point and the Devil's Thumb abeam. The great ice-fields which on our way north had so much embarrassed us on entering Melville Bay had by this time either drifted or melted away; and now through an unobstructed sea we held our course for the Duck Islands; and thence we groped our way down the coast through one of those provoking fogs which so often come to pester the life of the arctic voyager, and which set upon us early in the night.

I never remember to have seen any thing more gloomy than the scene before us when the fog lifted in the early morning. We had been lying to for some time, not really knowing where we were; but, as good luck would have it, we found that we were pointed fairly between two remarkable islands, known from their conformation as Cone and Wedge. Beyond was a straight passage of twenty miles, between lofty, cavernous, brownish-red, rocky islets; and beyond these again was to be seen in the far distance the cold line of the *mer de glace*, from which come pouring down cold glaciers to the sea. Cold icebergs lay upon the leaden waters; a cold wind was moaning from the hills; and although the sun shone out after the fog had vanished, it failed to throw any glow of warmth over the general desolation, or to dissolve the oppressive chill.

Steering southeast we passed presently around a large iceberg which had before obstructed the view, and then we opened a low point of land, rugged as any other land in sight, and as utterly without sign or trace of vegetation; and yet a little white house stood upon the naked rock, and the white and red emblem of Danish sovereignty fluttered from a little flag-staff on the roof.

THE RAVEN.

And this is the northernmost house of all the world; and in this little house, in this fearful desert, dwells a Christian family, with no other human beings within fifty miles of them save a few ignorant savages.

The head of the family met us a mile away. He had a swarthy crew of skin-clad men, and as he hauled in alongside of us, and stood up in the stern of his boat, I recognized the sturdy figure and sandy hair and striking features of Peter Jensen, who had served me faithfully and well on a former voyage. I was heartily glad to see him, and had him on board and by the hand without a minute's loss of time. Then we steamed into a good anchorage, and went ashore, and called upon his wife, and petted his children, and dined with him off venison and eider-ducks, and had some excellent coffee and rum-punch. The wife made us some delicious sweet cakes, and we had cigars and Danish pipes; and then we smoked and drank and chatted away the evening, and were very much surprised, when we came to think about it, that we had passed a very pleasant time with a very pleasant family, within ninety miles of the extreme point to which we had penetrated in our wild pursuit of bears, and within just one thousand nautical miles of the north pole.

But there was something indescribably sad to me in their dreadful isolation. It was worse than loneliness, for the savages around, with their filth and wretchedness, and their packs of howling, vicious dogs, could not give companionship to a lady bred in Copenhagen, nor to the three little children whom she nurtured with the carefulness of a Christian mother. These children were two pretty flaxen-haired girls, Johana Marie and Jenny Caroline, of five and seven years. But the hope of the house was Julius Christian, aged three years and some odd months.

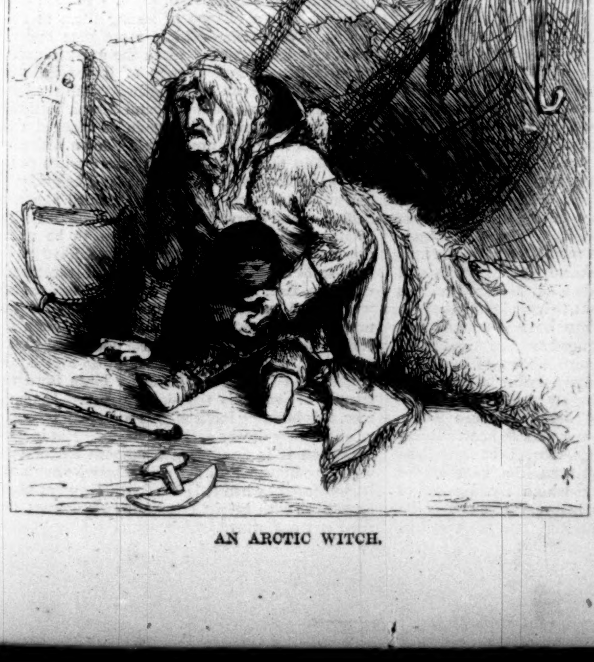
They had all been troubled with the scurvy, and I did not wonder at it. What could these poor children do to preserve their health by outdoor exercise and outdoor pastime in a climate where the snow is on the ground nine months out of the twelve, and where the sun is never seen in winter for more than a hundred days; where the house must be banked with snow, the windows double glazed, the stoves and lamps kept burning constantly, to ward off the piercing cold, which often sinks to 50° below zero, and even lower, and where howling gales, filling the air with snow-drift, are of almost daily occurrence?

The four rooms of the house were comfortably furnished, and were not without some ornaments upon the walls. Huge bags of eider-down, among which the children buried themselves through the dark, cold nights, were piled upon the beds, and one might think the cold could never reach them when they had crawled to rest. But even children can not sleep all the time, though it may be always dark, and the loneliness of that prison-house to those three little creatures was a painful thing to contemplate. But then the wife! The children were born there, and had no other associations; but through the desolate winter do the wife's thoughts not wander sometimes mournfully and regretfully back to the society and the changing delights and changing fashions of the world wherein she lived before she became a bride, and left it for this desert, simply that she might be with the man she loved? for, surely, there could be nothing else to tempt her. She made no complaint; she appeared cheerful, and may have been happy. It was hard for me to think so. Hopeless, indeed, to her this life of toil, anxiety, and suffering, unless the blind god gives her some vast measure of bliss, utterly beyond man's power of appreciation. Alas, how little men really know of the sacrifices women make for them continually! Was the man ever born who was capable of such an exhibition of unselfishness as this Betty Jensen? I doubt it.

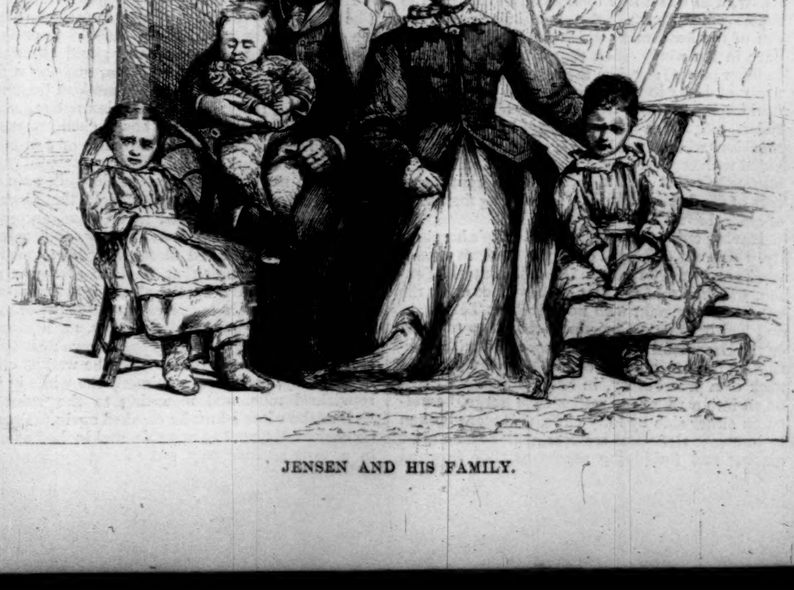
And the life of her husband is a very hard and, as it seems to me, a very thankless one. Strange as it may seem, Jensen came here to seek his fortune. The little money that he had saved up from the expedition of 1860–61, in which he had acted as interpreter, enabled him to return to Denmark, and there to marry, and come back to Greenland and set up for himself. He had been promised the charge of this remote settlement of Tessuisak, which is sixty miles above Upernavik, and on the very confines of the great ice-barrier. He was always a fine shot, an active man, and an expert hunter; and he thought by coming here he would in a few years accumulate a competency, which he would carry back to Denmark. But I fancy it must have been something of his restless nature besides that impelled him to this life. He had lived several years in Greenland before I knew him, and, like all men whom I have ever seen that have descended once from our higher civilization to the life of the pastoral age, or the age of the hunter, never again take kindly back to the loftier ways, but cling lovingly to their independence. It is not, however, so with woman, and hence to them the greater hardship. Without the same motives to action, they can not find society in the animals of the chase, nor in the herds of the field.

Unhappily Jensen had overestimated his skill and the resources of Tessuisak, and in spite of all he was disappointed. The whole productions of the place per annum do not exceed five thousand dollars, chiefly made up from seal-oil, eider-down, and bear and fox skins. On this Jensen receives but five per cent., a salary besides of five-and-twenty dollars, and one government ration. There is no provision for his wife and children. Clearly the Royal Greenland Fishing Company never contemplated such a thing as a wife going to so remote and wobegone a place.

Besides Jensen and his family the population of Tessuisak comprises sixty-two savage souls, scattered about in huts and tents upon the rocky hill-side. The dogs, which in the winter-time are used to drag the sledges, are beyond counting, and the stench that arose from the carcasses of decomposing fish and seals, and other offensive sources, exceeds belief. I pitied the wife, and mentioned it to Jensen. "Oh, she's got used to it, and don't mind!" One of the native families had, with peculiar impudence, pitched their tent close beside Jensen's door, and he told me that it could not be removed without giving offense to the whole village. Barren though the land, the Esquimaux, with laughable gravity, proclaim themselves the true proprietors of the soil, and they do not hesitate to tell the Danes that they are intruders. They call them foreigners, and question their right even to put up a house; and, indeed, they would never suffer it did not the



AN ARCTIC WITCH.



JENSEN AND HIS FAMILY.

Danes bring stores of gaudy red handkerchiefs and beads with which to bedeck their women, and rifles which make the capture of game easier, and many civilized luxuries, such as coffee and tobacco, of which they soon grow fond. What made the presence of this tent the more obnoxious was that the wife was supposed to be a witch, and often made night hideous with her devilish incantations. Although nominally a Christian now, she can not yet always refrain from her old practices. And surely if ill looks had ever any thing to do, as they always seem to have had, with the general make-up of a witch, she was entitled to be looked upon as the mother of them all, for a more frightful-looking being surely never walked in darkness, and conspired with the evil one. Yet this monster had a child, and its innocent baby face did not exhibit any evidence that it was conscious of its dangerous parentage, but it sucked its fist as contentedly as any other baby that had been born all right and in the mortal fashion. Her original name was Annorasoak, which is something equivalent to "Mother of the Winds." Her history, as I had it afterward from Jensen, is not without romantic interest, and will again be referred to.

I could not part from this little family of Jensen without emotion. For seven long years the wife had seen no living soul from the great world from which her love had banished her; and the children looked upon us quite amazed. They had never seen a ship in all their little lives before, and the smoking, snorting *Panther* was a wonder in their eyes. We made them up a store of such good things as we had on board, including every thing of an antiscorbutic character that we could lay our hands upon, added a couple of tons or so of coals, and then, with Jensen on board to pilot us through the intricate passages between the islands, we bore away from this northernmost house of the world, and steered our course for Upernavik.

We asked Jensen on the way about the great glacier of Aukpadlartok, and he offered to take us there; so we resolved that we would see a novel sight; and when we had gone twenty-five miles upon our way toward Upernavik we wheeled upon our heel, and stood for thirty miles as near due east as the islands and icebergs would allow. We were going up the fiord which bears the name of the glacier at its head—the fiord of Aukpadlartok—"the fiord of the red rocks."

I verily believe there never was such another wilderness of desolation—such an interminable array of islands of ice and islands of rock; and when at last we saw another house like Jensen's, pitched like his upon just such another point of land, and reflected that these houses are dotted here and there in this dreary waste at intervals of forty and fifty miles, and that their inmates hold communication one with the other perhaps once in the winter with dog-sledge, and once in summer, and not more, with boat, it seemed as if proof was positive that life without social intercourse was really possible—a fact which I should never have believed for a single moment otherwise.

The ice was so thick along the shore that we could not get within a mile of the little house and the miserable huts which surrounded it. So we had nothing to do but tie up to an iceberg, and take to a boat and pull in as best we could. The shore was reached at last, but only after we had passed through many very dangerous places, including a hole in an enormous iceberg, and then we were landed on the rocks, where we were met by the most renowned of all the Greenland hunters—a blue-eyed and fair-complexioned and most "mild-mannered man," named Philip, who was backed up by a staff of five sons—Christian, Wilhelm, Simon, Hans, and Laro—while still further in the rear gaped the wife, Caroline, with her two daughters, Christina and Maria, and the various wives and sweet-hearts and children of all her five boys, and the lover of Christina, and some forty other savages and half-savages, who constituted the promiscuous population of the village of Karsersoak—"the village beside the mountain;" and the mountain reared its great white crest five thousand feet above our heads, and pushed itself away up among the clouds.

The family of Philip was a very different one from that of Jensen. His wife was a full-blown Esquimaux. His half-breed children were happy and well-contented, and rejoiced in the possession of every thing needful for the hunt or domestic comfort. Christian was married, and had a small hut and seven children all to himself. Simon ditto, but he lived with his wife and baby in a seal-skin tent. Wilhelm had recently been in trouble about his lady-love, who was a thorough-bred native, she at first preferring another fellow, who was a fine hunter, and evidently the superior of Wilhelm. But then Wilhelm was the son of the head man, which made all the difference in the world (such things may come about in other places); and so the marriage was settled upon, and was to take place as soon as the priest could come up from Upernavik to bless the nuptials. For the rest, they all lived in the paternal mansion, which had but one room, and was divided with seal-skins into a number of stalls, like an oyster cellar, and in these the different members of the family retired to rest among their bags of eider-down.

Having enjoyed the benefit of Philip's hospitality, which was displayed chiefly in the form of seal-steaks and smoked salmon, I strolled out with Jensen, who had told me that near by once dwelt the witch Annorasoak, who now lived at Tessuisak, and had become a Christian—that is to say, after the Greenland fashion. I accepted with alacrity his offer to guide me thither. Crossing the neck of a promontory, in half an hour we came down into a valley, or rather wide gorge, bounded on either side by lofty cliffs, that were broken by immense clefts and crevices, which had a most glaring and forbidding aspect as they frowned down upon us from underneath the great white caps that untold winters had woven round their heads. Fitful gusts of wind came moaning down the gorge, chilling us to the very bone.

Our situation at the entrance to the gorge was very striking and remarkable. Looking up the fiord, we could faintly see the glacier of Aukpadlartok over the tops of innumerable icebergs, which crowded the fiord, and upon which the sun, breaking through the clouds that had obscured the sky for some hours previous, shone with great brilliancy, without, however, reaching us or giving any warmth. Looking up the valley, we saw the front of a small glacier, perhaps fifty feet high and two hundred yards over, which crossed the valley from cliff to cliff about a mile up from the sea, and from which was gathered a stream of limpid water that came rushing down over the rocks, breaking in falls and whirling in pools, and every where hurrying along as if it were glad to get its freedom again, and was making the first use of it by bounding away to the sea and the warm sunshine.

The ascent of the valley was difficult and laborious; but by dint of hard scrambling we succeeded finally in making about half a mile, when we had reached a point where the cliffs rose almost perpendicularly from the border of the stream, and were scarcely more than thirty yards apart. Between them the water rushed in a series of picturesque falls, the sound of which, added to the roar of the wind, that seemed as if it had accumulated beyond, and was being forced through the narrow passage, greatly heightened the gloomy aspect of the scene.

Continuing on our course, we finally reached the summit of the falls, and came there upon a level plain of considerable extent—a sort of natural amphitheatre. Here in this wild and desolate place, close to the fall and beneath the glacier, Annorasoak had, many years ago, chosen her residence. From here went forth her decrees, which stilled the winds or made them blow, and sent good fortune to her friends, and disaster to those who disregarded her. The heathen natives held her in the greatest awe, and were glad to propitiate her with the offer of food, clothing, and every thing needful for her comfort; and even those who had professed to embrace the Christian religion held her in superstitious dread, and thought it no harm to add a contribution to the witch's wardrobe and larder. The ruins of her hut, which was entered through a long and intricate cleft in the rock, were still visible. I examined this ruin, and heard the story of this last trace of the heathen practices in Greenland, with intense interest, not alone on account of this circumstance, but because of the peculiar mystery which shrouded her history, and the romantic interest of which culminated in a daughter—a girl with light complexion and black hair. The father of this girl was believed to be a criminal who had escaped from an English whale-ship, fled hither with this woman, and managed while he lived to avoid detection through her arts; for it was at the period of her flight there that she first assumed to be the "Mother of the Winds." From that time forth no native was ever known to enter the valley, except to a certain spot, where he left his offering; and even the Danes seemed to have a superstitious dread of it, associating it with the evil one. They called the glacier hanging above the witch's home "The Devil's Castle," and the valley itself borrowed its name from its wicked mistress. It was "The Valley of the Winds." The daughter's name was Annove—"Daughter of the Winds;" and she had been really taught to believe that she was born of the air.

Love, which is and always has been the disturber of so many human devices, finally broke up this nest of witchcraft and sorcery. A youthful Dane, named Elsen, saw the child, and had pity for her. His tenderness soon suggested means by which to approach without frightening her, and without her mother's knowledge. Then he fell desperately in love with his wild favorite, and addressed the mission of Upernavik for help to save her. "Poor Annove," the lover wrote, in his despair at her condition; "she is a wild flower in the wilderness. Can the wild flower be transplanted? Will the lustre of the leaves come out in other soil, and will gentler airs bring brightness to the blossom? Poor misguided child!—Her birth a mystery to her; her very name a falsehood to her mind perpetually. And yet she is taught to honor it, and taught to think with pride that she was born of the winds, and to the winds will go away again, to wander to and fro, doing good or ill, forever. Annove, poor Annove! Will the falsehood pass away? Will the daughter of the winds become a child of God?"

And the lover's wish was answered favorably. The missionary became deeply interested, and the two together managed in the end to entice the mother and daughter away; and through their efforts Annove became Nina, and the wife of Elsen; and Annorasoak, her mother, became Tabitha, and the wife of a Christian native, and she is now the ugly hag that has pitched her tent at Tessuisak, right beneath the nose of Jensen, who hates her cordially.

We did not remain longer in the valley than was necessary for an inspection of the place. The wind shortly increased in violence, accompanied with occasional gusts of snow, and sometimes it fairly shrieked along the cliffs; and it seemed clear enough that if there ever was a place on earth fitted for the abode of evil spirits, this was it. As if to increase that impression, and leave no doubt at all about it, an ancient raven, with a ragged coat, flopped down near by, and set up a dismal croak. Then he walked off deliberately, muttering to himself the while in a sepulchral tone, and mounting to the ruined wall of the witch's hut, he croaked again. Then he cocked his head to one side, and looked at us in a very sinister way out of one eye; after which he went to the edge of the fall and looked over into the foaming abyss. Then he croaked once more, flopped himself over to the other side of the stream, and, lighting on a rock, began sharpening his bill, as if preparing for a sacrifice, croaking all the while. He seemed to know the spot, and to be at home there, for the moment he struck the rock I perceived there was a double echo, so that his voice resounded from cliff to cliff, until it seemed as if the air were peopled with spirits that were in league with him, and answering to his call.

By the time we had reached Philip's hut it was snowing heavily, and it being clear from the first that we had come up the fiord for nothing, the icebergs being so thick above as to defy even the passage of a boat to the glacier (and, besides, the *Panther* was lying in a most uncomfortable situation among the ice), we got aboard with all haste, and steamed away once more for Upernavik, which port we reached without accident. Here I went ashore to the house of my good friend Dr. Rudolph, the Governor, and was soon installed in a cozy little room, and went to sleep in a cozy bed.

Oh, the luxury of that bed after eight weeks in the narrow quarters of a ship's bunk, always damp and festering with rheumatism, and black with coal dust, and daily rendered worse by the unsuccessful attempts of an idiotic cabin-boy to put it to rights and keep it clean!

My window opened upon the sea, and was full of sweet flowers that had been nurtured tenderly by my good hostess, as if they were her children. It was strange to look out through a little wilderness of roses, mignonnette, and heliotrope, upon a great wilderness of icebergs. The sea was, indeed, as cold as cold could be, and the waves broke fiercely right beneath me on the rocky shore; but about me all was peace and quiet—the pictures on the wall, the fire in the stove, the home comforts of the modest house which sheltered me—all spoke defiance of place or climate, and told a tale of tranquil love and contentment that was worth going thrice three thousand miles to see, even though the storms were never so threatening, and ice-barriers without number intervened.

We remained a week at Upernavik, and during that time I never saw the *Panther*. I never was so glad *not* to see any thing in all my life before. I was quite willing to believe that Mr. Bradford was painting icebergs innumerable, and that Dunmore and Critcherson were photographing every thing from a native to a mountain, but I did not want to see it. My enjoyment of the little paradise into which I had fallen was too fresh to court disturbance. To forget for a time that there was ever such an enemy to man as a ship's cook, and to partake of some simple fare with which a woman's hand had had to do, was too great a luxury to be profaned, and I lived along through my week at Dr. Rudolph's in a state of perpetual bliss. I wrote and read and played with the children, Anne and Christian. I talked with Jensen about his life, and the Greenland legends which he had gathered in his long experience. I helped the Doctor (I should say Governor) make up his annual accounts for the next mail home; and I bungled through my Danish with his amiable wife, making her laugh continually at my mistakes; and, altogether quite free from care, gave myself up wholly to enjoyment for the seven days.

And the ship came, and the accounts were ready, and there were now three of us in the house. The ship was the *Constancia*, and Captain Bang, her master, was a noble fellow, who spoke capital English, and helped us with our pipes and punch in the evening, and enjoyed the flowers as much as I did, and the delightful breakfast of smoked salmon, venison sausage, and halibut, and the substantial lunch, and the late dinners that were none the worse for the cigars and wine and Santa Cruz that he brought off one day to help out with; for the Doctor was the most hospitable of all old-fashioned gentlemen, and having three times dined our whole huge cabin mess, and opened his house to every body every day, his supply of cigars and liquors, after a whole year's pulling at them on his own part, had run rather low. Our mess would gladly have replenished the Doctor's fast-failing stock; but with true American energy we had gone to work at the start as if to get through with what supplies we had in the shortest possible space of time; and there was not now among us so much as a single "Havana," or even a bottle of ale, to bless ourselves with.

The Doctor surprised me one day by coming into my room, and in his genial way calling out, "You know dis man; you know dis feller, eh?" producing from behind his coat a rascally face, which I never could forget in any length of time. It was the face of Hans.

Now Hans is a man of some celebrity. In 1853 Dr. Kane took him from Fiskerness, South Greenland, upon his famous voyage into Smith's Sound. His age then was about twenty years, and he lived in great state, considering his youth, on board the brig *Advance*, and waxed fat, and tricked his master, from whom he finally ran away, and joined the Smith Sound savages, marrying one of their women, by name Merkut. Among these people I found him in 1860, and took him aboard with his wife, Merkut, and his baby, Pingasuk. I ought to have known better. He tricked me worse than he had tricked Dr. Kane. I am fully convinced that he was instrumental in causing the death of two of my command, though it was never possible to prove any thing against him positive enough to insure conviction. It is hard to collect evidence where there are no eyes to see nor ears to hear. Being unable to verify my suspicions, I brought him back in 1861, and delivered him over to the Danish authorities, from whom Dr. Kane had taken him eight years before. Even now he could not cease from mischief, and his wife was in a state of chronic dissatisfaction because she could not live in her old-fashioned savage way, and her children (she had two now) were a burden on the poor fund. I gave Merkut some money to buy clothes for the children, and within an hour it was all spent at the government store-house for figs and sugar-candy.

The untutored savage is not a peculiarly delicious creature under any circumstances. He is apt to have very crude notions about *meum* and *tuum*, and the truth is not in him. Truth, indeed, seems to be a fine art, and men have to be cultivated to the understanding of it. But Hans was not altogether an untutored savage, for the missionaries had control of him before Dr. Kane took him in charge, and had taught him to read the Testament and Thomas à Kempis, and to sign his name. The story of his proficiency in these respects having got abroad, in connection with supposed services rendered to Dr. Kane's party in Christian charity, Hans has been made much of in a Sunday-school book as a striking example of the power of Christian labor among the heathen—just as if he did not use what he had acquired for a cloak to hide his true character, something after the manner of the hypocritical Uriah Heep when playing a part before the pious Creakle and the zealous board of visitors.

The week was a very short one, and I quitted my cozy room at the Doctor's house and took leave of the Doctor's amiable wife and children with much reluctance, and betook myself once more to my damp and smoke-begrimed quarters in the *Panther's* cabin. On the same day the *Constancia* was ready to sail, and our captain offered Captain Bang a tow. He was going down the coast forty miles, to Proven, where he was to take in more cargo before returning home to Copenhagen. But, as ill luck would have it, a small iceberg had drifted into the middle of our harbor and grounded right in front of the two vessels, which lay almost side by side. It seemed as if we were both fast there, but the *Constancia's* cable proving to be free, while our own was bound down under the berg, she picked her anchor up and was warped out to sea without any trouble, while we remained safely moored, with several thousand tons of ice precluding the possibility of our being driven off shore.

Finding himself clear, the captain of the *Constancia* hailed, and asked if he should give us a tow. The Doctor, who was going with him to Proven, cried across to us as the ship glided away, "Huna, Americana, I comes back in tree days; you's welcome to de harbor."

It was rather aggravating, considering our promise to the *Constancia*. Captain John Bartlett, of the *Panther*, grew vexed, slightly, and very red in the face. He shouted, "Pay out chain," and then rang his bell to "Back astern." When he had got off as far as the chain would let him go, he rang again, "Ahead, full speed," and struck the berg fairly in the middle with the *Panther's* head. The shock was terrific, but luckily the iceberg at that point was sloping, and the *Panther* slid up about five feet out of the water, which partly broke the force of the blow. Then she slid back again (luckily with her masts all standing). The *Constancia's* people cheered us, and we backed off again and went at the iceberg once more, with the same result—we did not budge or damage it in any way further than to splinter off innumerable fragments, which covered the sea all around us. But the berg was thin at the centre where we had struck; and the captain, growing more and more determined, backed off and butted away at the berg again and again, until, finally, the sixth effort proved successful. The berg split with a fearful sound. The two masses, each pivoted on the bottom, rolled over with a great swash; the *Panther* sheered ahead between the fragments, and then, picking up our anchor, to the universal astonishment we steamed out of the harbor in triumph, and kept our promise to the *Constancia*.

Dropping the *Constancia* off Proven, we continued south through the night, and on the following morning sighted the lofty mountains of Disco Island. Passing the Waigat, and the great stream of icebergs which emerges from it, we kept close to the bold and picturesque shores of Disco, and on the following day dropped anchor in Godhaven, close beside the town which takes its name from the little landlocked bay.

## CANADIAN WINTER SPORTS.

OF the richer classes of Canada, it is well known that a set of people more capable of enjoying themselves does not exist. Yet few mere tourists have a chance of seeing them at their gayest. When the cold is most keen and the wind cuts like a knife; when the great Canadian river is turned into a mass of joined icebergs, and is no longer an easy highway from the lakes to the ocean; when the Grand Trunk Railway, that other highway of Canada, is blocked with snow, and its trains are breaking down with even more than their average regularity; when to try to reach Canada means to be stuck half-way, to be run into a snow-drift, to be bumped about, to be frozen and starved—if not, to be collided with, to have rails breaking under you, to be rolled down an embankment, and roasted alive at its foot—still to be, in divers ways, horribly tortured: when, in fact, nobody with the least self-respect will try to pass over to them, then Canadians make merry; then American freedom from social restraints, joined to English bodily hardihood and vigor, see what they can both do together to beguile the situation. In every large town the temple of jollity is the skating-rink. In summer, this building looks merely an immense wooden shed, very dreary and uninviting. But in winter, when it is floored with smooth ice, and its walls are hung with flags and otherwise cunningly decorated, when it is brilliantly lit up at night and filled with bright faces and gay dresses, the shed is transformed and becomes a fairy palace.

However deep the snow may have fallen or drifted outside, there is good skating at all times within; and in the evenings the rink is the scene of the most picturesque Canadian festivities. Montreal people tell you that, when you have seen a fancy ball in their rink, you may at any moment die in contentment. In Canada skating is more than a mere pastime; it is a serious business, one of the trials of life, one of the tests of personal merit, and offers one of the most conspicuous fields for the winning of honor and renown. Thus Canadians will say of some belle whose claims to distinction they wish to uphold, "She may not be as pretty as A——, nor as pleasing in manner as B——, but her skating is perfect!" Or of some beau, "He isn't handsome and he isn't agreeable; but you should just see him waltz upon skates!" Besides skating and an extraordinary amount of dancing, the sleigh and "toboggin" play a great part in the amusements of a Canadian winter. Boston is called the head-quarters of sleighing for the whole of the continent; but though the equipages may not be in such throngs, or so grand, any where in Canada, as on the famed "Brighton Road" of Bostonians on a keen and clear winter afternoon, still sleighing in Canada is not only the chief means of locomotion for half of the year, but the foremost among occasions for sociability, the most successful of match-makers, the most characteristic amusement of the country. Nothing in a Canadian winter can roll upon wheels; every thing glides upon runners to the music of tinkling bells. And then is the time of "muffins;" that is, when a man, availing himself of the custom of the country, has secured a young lady for the season, to share with him his sleigh-driving and other of the national amusements, in Canadian phrase she is called his "muffin." The origin of the term seems to be wrapped in obscurity; Canadians will not address themselves in earnest to its investigation, and no more serious suggestion can be got from them than that the things may have been so called "because fellows are always burning their fingers with them."

Of the sport of "toboggining," one of the most curious points is the greatness of its celebrity in Canada, contrasted with the almost absolute ignorance of its name beyond the frontier. "A toboggin," says a late work upon Canada by a Canadian, "is a light Indian sleigh made of very thin wood, curled over in front, and used chiefly by pleasure-parties in sliding down hill-sides covered with crusted but lightly-packed snow." A toboggin is made to hold at least two persons, and as, in the practice of the sport, these two persons are usually of different sexes, some light is thus thrown upon the great esteem in which it is held by Canadians. The sitter in the back seat of the toboggin steers with his hand. Any want of care or skill on his part is pretty sure to lead to an upset. However, as the sleigh is light, and the selected snow-bank probably not very hard, such upsets are only occasions for the more merriment, and sometimes do good service by calling forth the talent of some clever caricaturist. The cones of ice and snow which, fed by the constant spray-showers, grow up at the foot of the falls of Montmorenci, make a famous toboggin ground for Quebec. The larger of these cones sometimes becomes nearly a hundred feet high; but there is a smaller, which all, except the most venturesome, prefer for toboggining. After they have toiled up to the top they intrust themselves to their miniature sleigh, and slide down at full speed, gaining a velocity which sometimes carries them, it is said, half a mile or more over the level ice surrounding the cone. Of the social effects of such a national pastime it is almost needless to speak. What could be more likely to break through formality, to make the acquaintance between two persons ripen into the most genial sympathy, than their facing in common the toils and the dangers of the toboggin — the headlong rush downward, with its giddy excitement, the frequent upset and precipitation of both voyagers together down into the snow? When brought under this treatment, it is said that the shyest and most intractable young men have been known to turn matrimonial within a week—so bracing a tonic to the nerves is this sport, and so stimulant to the healthful action of the heart. This may redeem the amusement from utter puerility; but it must still be a question for the philosopher why it should flourish among the best society of Canada, while it is rejected by all, except the very little street boys, in the States.

## THE KAIETEUR WATERFALL.

THE great Kaieteur Fall, recently discovered in Demerara, has a clear descent, according to barometrical observations, taken simultaneously at the bottom and the top, of 750 feet. Above, the Potaro glides smoothly in a slight depression of the table of conglomerate sandstone, and disappears over the edge in a body which is estimated at eighty yards in width, and of depth uncertain in the centre, but shallowing rapidly toward either bank. When the fall was discovered, in April, 1870, the rocky channel was completely covered, and the stream must have had a width of at least 100 yards. During the summer it is diminishing in volume, and, as the Indians state that it will continue to do so till October, only the central and deeper portion, about one-third of the whole, will then remain. The best time, therefore, for a visit is in spring, at the end of what appears to be the rainy season of this elevated tract.

As the fall was seen by the exploring party who discovered it, nothing can be imagined more beautiful. The central portion, which is never dry, forms a small horseshoe, or re-entering angle, and the water in this part preserves its consistency for a short distance from the edge. But every where else, and here also at a few feet from the top, all semblance of water disappears; it breaks up, or blossoms, into fine foam or spray, which descends in the well-known rocket-like forms of the Staubbach and similar waterfalls, but multiplied a thousand times, into a small dark pool over a semicircular curtain. The cavern behind the fall is the home of thousands of swallows, which issue from it in the morning, and may be seen returning in their multitude at night. The fall itself is one vast descending column of a fine, dry-looking, snow-white substance, bearing a resemblance in color and consistency to the snow of an avalanche, but surpassing all avalanches in size and in the beauty of the forms taken by the material as it falls. Rainbows of great splendor were observed, one from the front of the fall in the morning, one from the summit in the afternoon; but this last reverted, forming a colored loop, or ring, into which the whole mass seemed to precipitate itself and disappear, and dart out underneath, black and foaming, at the gorge and outlet of the pool.

## THE HAUNTED ROCK.

SOME years ago, through the interest of a relation, I received the appointment of a light-house keeper. I did not much care about the work, as I dreaded its dullness; but I was young and beginning the world, and could not afford to be nice in my selection of an occupation.

The remarks of my friends, when they heard of my new career, were certainly not calculated to reassure me. Most of my companions were, in one way or the other, connected with the sea; and all the congratulations I got upon my advancement in life were ominous shakes of the head, and muttered remarks as to there being "queer tales about them light-house chaps;" the concluding practical advice being, generally, "I wouldn't take it if I was you, Tom."

This was certainly rather calculated to throw a damper upon my new employ; but, as I argued with myself, if I did not take it I had nothing better to look to, and I would not throw myself upon my friends; so, determined to make the best I could of the matter, I went down to Blackwall to be instructed in my new duties. It was not long before I made myself sufficiently acquainted with them as to be *au fait* at the management of the lamps and apparatus; and was at length pronounced fit to undertake the duties of supernumerary light-house keeper.

These supernumeraries have to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to any part of the coast where they may be required, to relieve others who, from sickness or other causes, are removed from their posts. A few mornings after my instruction was completed I received a sudden intimation that I was required to proceed to take charge of a light-house on the coast of Wales. On making inquiries about the new charge to which I was posted, all I could learn was that the legitimate keeper had deserted his employ some months before, and had not since been heard of; that his place had been temporarily filled up by a man from a neighboring village, who, it was hoped, would have continued in it; but that he had recently insisted upon giving up his berth, alleging as an excuse that the dullness of the life was more than he could bear. With this information—which was all the people at head-quarters either could or would give me—I was forced to be content, and started off for Wales that very afternoon, arriving at the scene of my future labors on the next day. At the first glance the prospect was not alluring. It was at the end of October, on one of those dull, boisterous, dank days on which all Nature seems mourning the brightness of the summer that is past, and lamenting the rigor of the winter to ensue. The wind came sometimes in strong, chill puffs, that seemed to send the cold to one's very bones; sometimes in soft sighs, that moaned dismally through the half-barren trees, sending the leaves slowly fluttering from the branches to rot upon the oozy ground. The desolation of the scene seemed even to have infected the few cottages by which I was surrounded, and in which the only signs of life appeared to be clouds of steam (evidently from washing) which came through the open doors; while a few slatternly women went in and out on pattens, sometimes chiding the groups of children that clustered on the threshold, greedily eying the pools of mud and water beyond.

Even had I wished to possess it, I saw that there was little information to be got there; and as I was tired with my journey, and anxious to be out of the cold as soon as possible, I put what effects I had into a boat (which I hired with some little difficulty), and set off for the light-house, which was built upon a rock at some distance from the land. On the way thither I thought that the boatmen eyed me somewhat curiously, and were not very talkative, simply hailing my volunteered information that I was the new keeper with an "Ah!" and a significant glance at each other. I did not notice this much, however, as I was occupied with my own thoughts, speculating how I should pass my time in the grim building I was approaching, round which the eager waves leaped, as if anxious to engulf it, curling back with a sullen roar at their defeat. On my arrival I was received by the man whom I was to relieve with evident satisfaction. He was a gaunt, beetle-browed Welshman; and I could not help noticing the haggard, anxious look his face wore. Almost the moment I set foot in the building he called out to the boatmen who had brought me to "wait, as he wouldn't take long setting his new mate to rights with the place, and they could take him on shore." This, however, I combated stoutly, and insisted on his at least keeping me company the first night, as I did not know how the lights worked. To this, after much demur he consented, with evident reluctance, and the boat went back.

My new abode consisted merely of the "lantern," in which the lights burned, and, beneath, the watch-room, furnished with a bed, chair, and table, and such culinary and domestic necessaries as the keeper required. A flight of stairs led to the door by which the building was entered, and a lower flight seemed to lead to cellars or recesses of some sort; my companion did not, however, show me these, as he said they were never used, and it wasn't worth while going down in the cold. The evening drew quickly on; and as the autumn twilight grew darkling over the waters, the sea and wind both seemed to rise, and the crash of the breakers as they leaped fiercely up the rock, and the whistling of the gale, were any thing but agreeable adjuncts to a residence desolate enough in itself.

For the first hour or two of the evening I was busily enough employed in learning how the lamps were trimmed, lighted, etc., and in reading the regulations by which the keeper was to be guided. When I had, as I thought, made myself sufficiently acquainted with the routine of the life that was before me, I sat down with my quondam companion (whose name was Morgan); and as we smoked our pipes by the fire tried to gather from him the particulars of the late keeper's disappearance, and why he himself was giving up the situation. Morgan, however, was any thing but communicative; he said he knew very little about his predecessor; he was a sulky, gloomy sort of chap, who lived here with a very pretty wife, and was said to drink hard at times (but that he didn't know about). One night the lamps were not lighted; and when the coast-guard put off to see what was amiss, the light-house was found deserted; and as a good many metal articles of value were missing, it was supposed that the keeper and his wife had stolen them and made off. As for himself, he had lived there better than three months, but it was so mortal dull he couldn't stand it any longer. This was all I could get from my new friend, and even this was only got out of him by close questioning.

As the night wore on I noticed that Morgan seemed to grow fidgety and uneasy, and applied himself, rather more than I thought the authorities would have approved of, to a case-bottle of spirits on the table. It seemed to have no effect on him, however; and he at length volunteered to look after the lights that night, so that I might have a good rest after my journey. I was too tired to gainsay this, and in spite of an uneasy feeling, which I could not account for even to myself, soon fell into a troubled sleep. Whether it was the novelty of my situation or not I hardly know, but during the first portion of the night I scarcely slept half an hour consecutively; and when I awoke, hearing the never-ceasing roar of the waves, contrasting with the deep silence within the building, I always, in spite of myself, began wondering why the last keeper had left, what sort of a woman his wife was, and whether he had really stolen the missing things. These speculations seemed so absurd that I tried hard to dismiss them, but without success; and it was only as the dawn was breaking that I fell into a deep unbroken slumber, from which I did not wake till the morning was far advanced.

When I arose I found it was a bright, fresh morning, the gale having died away to a soft southwest wind. As I stood by one of the open windows, how different the scene appeared to the gloom of yesterday! Where the sunlight fell upon the still heaving billows it turned them now to masses of sheeny opal, now into cascades of diamonds, as the spray was thrown high into the air. In the distance, like snowy sea-birds, appeared the white sails of the fishing-craft; and as the fresh wind cooled my fevered cheek my spirits rose wonderfully, and I anticipated almost with delight the calm hours I might spend here with my books, surrounded by the ever-changing beauty of the ocean. Morgan now came down from the "lantern," and pointed to the breakfast he had got for me; his own, he said, had been finished long since, and as soon as I was ready he would go on shore. Although I could not help being surprised at the almost nervous haste the man displayed to be off, I now had nothing to urge against it. I therefore finished my repast as expeditiously as I could; and having lowered the boat attached to the light-house, we pulled on shore almost in silence. When within about half a mile of the land Morgan, who had been thinking deeply, suddenly stopped pulling, and very abruptly asked me if I had any arms in the light-house. Somewhat startled at the question, I replied that I had a revolver, but it was unloaded, as I didn't see how I could require it. "Better load it," was the hurried answer; "it's lonesome at times out yonder, and you'll feel more comfortable if you've something by you as you can trust to." We were close to the land now, and in a minute or two my companion sprang ashore, and hurriedly wishing me good-by, strode away through the trees, and was soon lost to sight. I knew no one in the little village; so I thought I would go up to the coast-guard station, as I had been desired to put myself under the orders of the officer in charge. There was no one there, at the time I arrived, but an old man-of-war's-man, to whom, however, I duly reported myself, and got him to give me some information as to where to get my provisions, etc. This he very good-naturedly did; and while going down to the village I questioned him about the late keeper's desertion, which somehow or other always seemed strangely to interest me. My new friend, however, could tell me no more than Morgan had, viz., that the man and his wife were supposed to have stolen the articles that were missing, and decamped. I spent a good bit of the afternoon in making my little purchases, and returned to the light-house about four o'clock, in order to be in time to light the lamps before the approach of dusk. After the boat was securely fastened up, and the door locked and barred, I must confess that a dull sense of loneliness fell upon me. I shook it off, however, and busied myself with my work; and what with trimming the lights, and preparing and discussing my evening meal, I got through the time pretty well till eight o'clock, when I went up into the lantern to see that all was working correctly, and then sat down to commence my first night's watch alone in the midst of the waters.

All anticipated evils seem smaller when really near. I had all along so much dreaded the dullness of my night-watchings that, now I had really commenced one of them, I was agreeably disappointed at finding it much more endurable than I had expected. There was certainly an oppressive silence reigning through the building, and the monotonous boom of the waves dashing against the rock was not inspiriting; but I had letters to write home, plenty of books to read, and my lights to visit every hour; so that altogether the night passed quickly enough away; and, when the dawn broke, I went to bed with the hopeful exclamation that "it wasn't so bad, after all." The following day was Saturday, and I determined to devote it to putting my room in order. I did not rise till nearly two o'clock, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in arranging my books, clothes, etc. As the evening drew on I trimmed and lighted my lamps, and then read till nearly nine. About this time I began to find a difficulty in confining my attention to my book. In spite of myself my thoughts kept wandering to their old theme—the late keeper's desertion of his post, and what sort of a life he had led in the room in which I was sitting to induce him to disappear so mysteriously. I roused myself, by a strong effort of will, from these profitless speculations, and went to the window to see what sort of a night it was. There was no moon, and as far as the eye could reach nothing was visible but the black heaving waves purposelessly swaying to and fro, sometimes tinged by a faint streak of phosphorescent light, as the white ridge in which they culminated rippled slowly away. It seemed very lonely to be built up there in that waste of waters, and a sort of cold chill seemed to settle on my heart as I began to revolve all sorts of improbable contingencies, such as having a fit, or the light-house taking fire. Altogether, I felt myself gradually getting into such a state of nervous excitement that I could hardly bear my own thoughts. So, determined, if possible, to break the spell that seemed creeping over me, I mixed a stiff glass of grog, and sat down with my pipe by the fire. There was nothing to disturb my thoughts, and I sat conjuring up all sorts of home scenes, listening absently to the half-minute click of the lights as they revolved above, the only sound that broke the dead silence surrounding me. The clock had just struck eleven, and I was thinking of visiting my lights, when suddenly a confused noise of struggling and curses, intermingled with the sound of heavy blows, arose from beneath me. I sprang from my chair, my first impression being that thieves had broken into the light-house. While I stood listening, rapid steps ascended the stair; and as I turned to seize the poker, as the nearest weapon available, the door flew violently open, and, to my intense horror, the sound of oaths and struggling commenced close by me, but not a thing which *could cause it was visible!* The noise barely lasted a minute, lifetime as it seemed to me, and appeared again to descend the stair. For a moment all was still, and I was beginning to try and persuade myself that I had been the victim of some horrible hallucination, when a wild, shrill scream, the agony of which haunts me still, rang through the silent building, and a woman's voice exclaimed, "George, George! for God's sake don't murder me!" A dull thud, as of some heavy substance falling to the ground, a low gurgling noise, and all was still.

Palsied with horror, I stood leaning on the chair to which I had clung for support, every nerve strained in agonized expectation of a renewal of the disturbance; but minute after minute went by, marked by the sound of the revolving lights, and all remained as still as the grave. Little by little I recovered power over my thoughts, and sat down, trying to account for the scene I had just gone through. Could any joke have been played on me? That hardly seemed possible, for I had barred and locked the door myself, and the key still hung beside me. I could scarcely bring myself to believe it was any thing supernatural, for I had been all my life a skeptic as to such things; but how to account for the scuffling in the room close by me? I at length became more emboldened by the perfect quiet that reigned, and got out my revolver and loaded it carefully, and, summoning up all the resolution I possessed, I determined to go down and examine the cellars where the noises had apparently begun and ended. Taking a closed lantern in one hand and my revolver in the other, I cautiously descended the stair, looking around and behind me, I must confess, with fear and trembling. Nothing extraordinary was, however, visible; the door was barred and fastened as I had left it, and all the things that lay about were in precisely the same positions as when I had seen them last. Not a sound was to be heard but the dash of the waves, which broke upon the walls around and above me now. I was somewhat reassured by finding every thing as I had left it on coming in; but as I prepared to descend the lower winding stair leading to the cellars I felt a smothered sensation upon my chest, and my heart beat so loud that it would have been audible to any one standing near. Down the narrow stair I went cautiously, the air becoming colder at every step, while the little light that came from the lamp I carried showed that the walls were dank with moisture, and covered with fungoid growths. When I arrived at the bottom I found myself